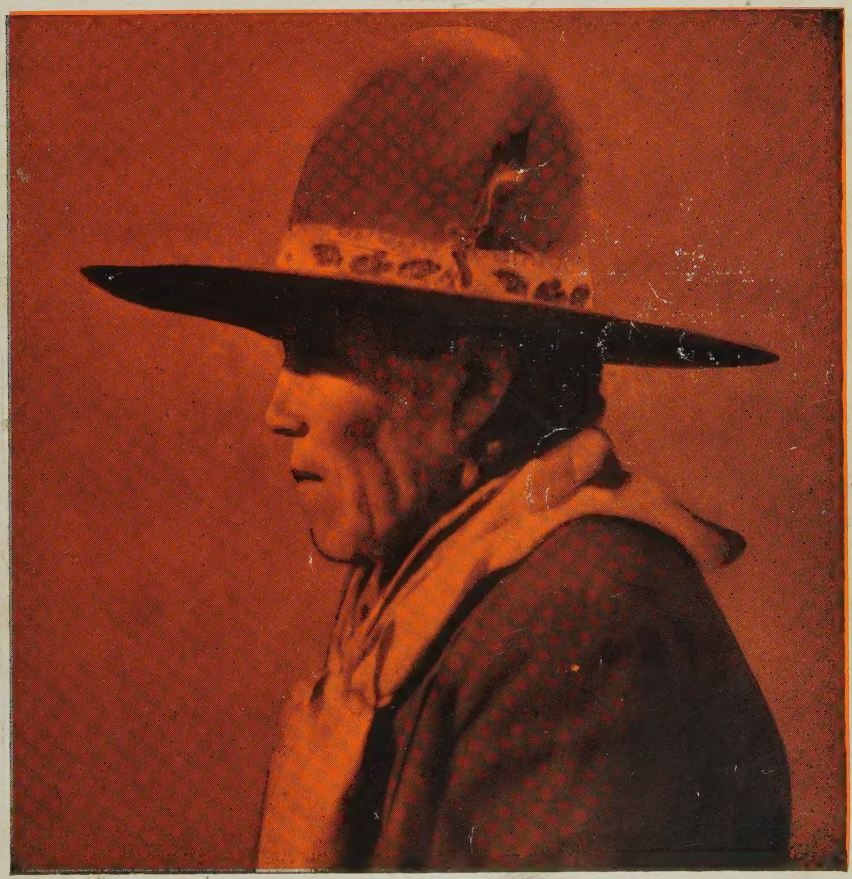
The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXV JULY, 1938 No. 7



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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXV JULY, 1938 No. 7.

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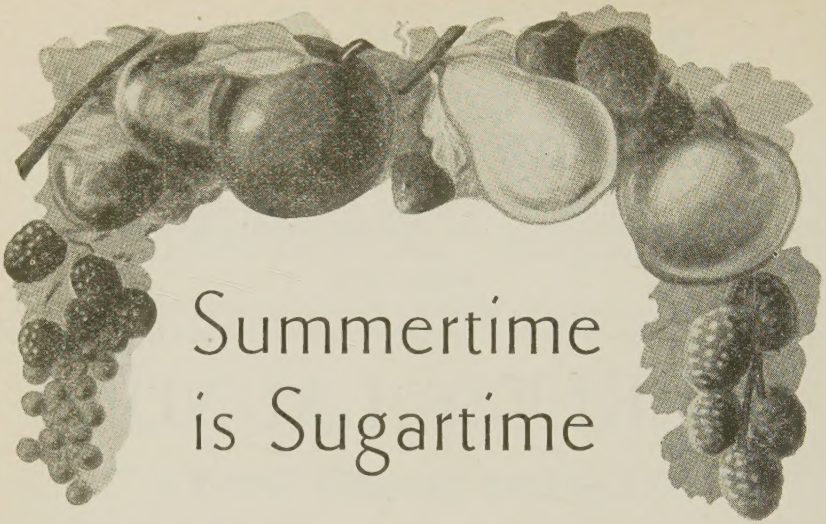

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Indians and Home

WE, who all our lives have lived in houses, usually in one or two places, can hardly understand the home-life of the nomad. Tents and sod huts have been so transitory in our experience that we cannot understand how a family group can come to look upon such a home with any sense of reverence.

It is quite possible that the home ties of the nomad are not so strong as our own, but that they exist there can be little doubt. Abraham and his immediate posterity moved from place to place as our Indians did, and yet their home ties were exceedingly strong. Ties are of the heart, and not of houses and dwelling places, and warm hearts can live in a tent or a sod hut as well as in a mansion.

Indians have tender hearts for their children. The Indian mother is a good mother, according to her understanding. That child of hers is precious, and she rears it in the best traditions of her race. Their traditions are not our traditions, but there is a tribal loyalty, or was, that was powerful enough to send an Indian boy or man or an Indian girl or woman to their deaths with as fine a spirit as ever was found among white peoples.

President Anthony W. Ivins used to say that men with a finer sense of honor than the Navajo have never lived. He was especially fond of the Navajo, partly perhaps because he knew them best. Many other tribes of Indians have as firm a pride as they. In fact, many people place the Hopi among the finest of men when it comes to matters of tribal pride and honor.

It is said, by those who live among these Indians, that a Navajo hogan, in a very real sense, is a place of joy to those who dwell therein, or to any tribesman who may happen along. It is said that to the family as to the casual visitor all things are free. The welcome is always of the warmest and the giving is always of the freest.

White men who stood apart and gazed upon the squalor and the simplicity of the Indian home did much damage to the Indian spirit by attempting too quickly to make those homes conform to our own ideals. Visitors at an Indian home for the first time are inclined to pity, and their hearts ache for the inhabitants, because they do not understand that those homes are traditional and represent a culture into which the inmates fit as we do into our own.

Measured by the heart pull, the influence of the home upon the offspring, many an Indian home will surpass many of our own, and the best perhaps, measured by God's just eye, may surpass any but our best.

Home is where love dwells—that kind of love that will sacrifice, that will hold a man or woman against temptations, that will make them loyal to the best traditions of the family and the race. The nomads of these deserts really had homes and some of those homes are still with us after these many years of white interference.

—Harrison R. Merrill.

HOUSE OF EARTH

Into the gray earth goeth the black seeds.
Out of the gray earth cometh grass and blossoms.
Into the hogan of mud goeth the silver blackened
by the hands of many.
Out of the hogan cometh the silver reborn
Into beauty as new as dawn on the old hills.
Out of the hogan of mud and the bower of brush
Cometh blankets warm against the wind,
Strong against the years,
Beautiful as the red mesa in the moonlight.

"May it be beautiful below me.
May it be beautiful above me.
In beauty it is finished."

—CARLTON CULMSEE.

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The Gospel and The Lamanites

By Elder Antoine R. Ivins

WHO are the Lamanites? In the Book of Mormon, all those descendants of Father Lehi who followed the leadership of Laman were classed as Lamanites. The term refers to a party rather than a family; they were the unrighteous among the children of Lehi. In view of the fact that the people known in the Book of Mormon as Lamanites accomplished the destruction of the Nephites we have attached the name Lamanite to the races of Indians found upon the American continent when it was discovered, assuming that they were all descended from the victors at the great battle of the Hill Cumorah. This may or may not be true but, nevertheless, to us all autochthonous inhabitants of the Americas and of some of the South Sea Isles are known as Lamanites.

The Church has always had a very great interest in our Indians because of the promises made to their fathers, of which we learn in the Book of Mormon. Oliver Cowdery led the first mission of our people to them and on that trip both Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams were made acquainted with the Gospel, the latter joining the missionary party. On this trip, which was authorized by revelation and made in the fall of 1830, three Indian tribes were contacted and heard the story of the Book of Mormon. They were the Catterauguas, Wyandottes and the Delawares and the missionaries were hopeful of doing something worth while among the Delawares when the Agency officials ordered them out. The Indians were very much interested.

It appears that after this, little effort was made among them until after the coming of the Saints to these mountains, but they had hardly become established here in the midst of the Indians when they undertook again to carry the message to them.

Perhaps it was unfortunate that the Saints found their immediate Indian neighbors to be among the least developed of the native tribes, for the results of these many years of contact have not been flattering.

IN 1854 an expedition was organized and sent south to work among the Indians. It included such men as Orson Hyde, Parley P. Pratt, Jacob Hamblin, Ira Hatch—twenty-three men in all—who left Salt Lake City April 8, 1854.

They arrived at John D. Lee's camp at Harmony, May 16, 1854, and found there 12 or 15 families. "On the Sunday preceding the arrival of the newcomers the Indian school at Harmony showed an at-

NOTE: The Magazine expresses appreciation to Professor Harrison R. Merrill for suggestions in preparation of this issue and for use of the following pictures: Cover, Frontispiece, Indian Woman, and Ralph Hubbard displaying war bonnet.

tendance of ten Indian children." (See the Manuscript History of St. George Stake.)

On the 15th of June ten of these brethren went on south under Rufus C. Allen, with Ira Hatch as interpreter and Jacob Hamblin and William Hennefer also in the party. Indians were contacted at Toquerville, Washington and Santa Clara. At the last place eleven Indians asked for baptism and were made members of the Church. Further upstream Jacob Hamblin and Wm. Hennefer report administering to a very sick woman, at her request, after the Medicine Man had failed to help her, whereupon she was immediately healed. It is also reported that some 300 Indians were later baptized at St. George and received presents at the hands of Apostle Erastus Snow. When these gratuities were not continued some of the Indians asked to be baptized anew and to have the brethren tell the Lord they had been good Indians. This would seem like a good beginning but the advantage was apparently not followed up and little or no effort was made to carry these Indians along in their Church affiliation. Just recently, however, there has been some activity among them and at a recent meeting attended by the President of the Church and the writer in St. George an Indian holding the Priesthood of an Elder pronounced the benediction.

After St. George had been well established, the frontier of Indian missionary work was extended and in 1878 Erastus Snow and Anthony W. Ivins visited the Navajos and Pueblos and Llewellyn Harris went among the Zunis. Harris is said to have healed about 400 Zunis whom he found suffering from smallpox. Ammon M. Tenney is reported to have assisted in baptizing 115 of the Zunis.

Work moved on further in Arizona and we now have a fine group near Mesa organized into a ward of the Maricopa stake.

In 1883 Moses Thatcher and Bishop Preston led a group of missionaries into Idaho and Wyoming. We now have in the Malad Stake the Washakie ward with a fine lot of native Saints.

IT was but natural that the Church should look towards the many tribes living in Mexico, Central America and South America for it is generally believed by us that most of the events of the Book of Mormon history took place south of the Rio Grande.

In the early 1870's there came into Salt Lake City one Meliton J. Trejo, a Spaniard, led hither from the Phillipine Islands by a desire to learn more of this people of whom he had heard a little already. After investigation, he joined the Church and President Young gave him the task of translating certain parts of the Book of Mormon into Spanish. This collection of excerpts was entitled, "Trozos Selectos del Libro de Mormon," meaning "Select Passages from the Book of Mormon."

With more than 2,000 of these pamphlets in their packs the following named missionaries set out for Mexico from Salt Lake City on the 15th of September, 1875—Daniel W. Jones, Heleman Pratt, James Z. Stewart, Robert H. Smith and Wiley C. Jones. At Toquerville Anthony W. Ivins joined the party and Ammon M. Tenney was added at Kanab.

After many interesting experiences, they arrived at El Paso del Norte (North Pass) and on the 20th of March, 1876, Daniel W. Jones, Heleman Pratt, J. Z. Stewart, Wiley C. Jones and Anthony W. Ivins entered Mexico at Ciudad Juarez, opposite El Paso, Texas.

Nineteen days later they obtained from Don Luis Terrazas, Governor of the State of Chihuahua, permission to hold the first public meeting ever held in Mexico by Mormon Elders.

From this point it was decided to return, but before doing so names and addresses of some of the prominent men in the principal cities of Mexico were obtained from the local postmaster and packages of "Trozos Selectos" were mailed to them.

One of these pamphlets came into the possession of a more or less prominent Mexican who became interested in its story. He began a correspondence with the President of the Church which led to the sending of Moses Thatcher, J. Z. Stewart and Meliton J. Trejo to Mexico City where they succeeded in opening up a successful mission. This Mission has passed through varying vicissitudes until now we have the Spanish-American Mission and the Mexican Mission as well as the more recently established Argentine Mission, all of which are functioning nicely and, of course, use the Spanish language.

IT would not be complete should we not mention the missions of Polynesia. As early as 1844 men were sent into the South Seas in charge of Addison Pratt, having in mind the presentation of the Gospel to the whites of those Islands. Some of these missionaries went as far as India. It soon became apparent that the whites were not the fruitful field but that their converts were going to come from the natives. As a justification for their going we ask you to look at the groups of Saints in New Zealand, Samoa, and Hawaii and others of the Island groups.

It is hard to find more faithful and intelligent converts to the Church than have come from these Polynesian missions.

After having read the foregoing one can visualize a wide and populous area legitimately called Lamanite Mission field. Workers have never been too numerous in these areas and in some parts legal restrictions are such that the work advances slowly, but we hope that definite progress is being made.

PRODIGAL'S RETURN

By Alice Lee Eddy

I will arise and go unto my father
And to his father's gospel I'll return.
For in the rush of life I have missed something
That from my noble fathers I can learn.
They followed one who suffered persecution
And bore it Christ-like in the latter days.
They dared to turn their backs on ease and safety
To triumph in the humble, harder ways.
For they had peace in midst of tribulation,
They knew good will in midst of toil and strife.
Without the wealth and comforts we've acquired
They still could live the rich, abundant life.
Like them, with greed and vanity I've finished,
With mocking doubt and ridicule I'm done.
I will arise and go unto my Father
And thank Him for the blessing of His Son.

Where Did The Red Man Come From?

By Celia A. Van Cott

THE scattered groups of Americans whom our forefathers first saw upon this continent reflected a vigorous and growing civilization. Most of the tribes were in a semi-nomadic stage with the vast continent providing their needs.

Tribal boundaries were jealously guarded from outside encroachment and if their rights were disturbed they were quick to retaliate; therefore almost incessant warfare was carried on which sometimes wiped out an entire tribe.

Each group spoke a different language and through the lack of understanding one another, they regarded all other tribes as potential and scheming enemies. Had a universal language been spoken it would have welded them together into a homogeneous group, possibly changing the early history of our nation.

Archeologists, historians, linguists, geologists and many others spend thousands of dollars annually trying to solve the intricate problem of where these dark-skinned people came from.

Many controversial opinions have been formed and many books have been written regarding this important question.

Franz Boas, an historian who has published many books on Indian culture and research, formulated the idea that the aborigines came from Europe across the ice flows to Greenland during the glacial period, migrating in scattered groups until they gradually overran the whole of the North American continent.

Dane and Mary Roberts Coolidge disagree and claim (although archeological proof is still lacking) that the Navajo Indians were the first redmen on this continent, migrating from northern Asia and Polynesia.

They believe because of like characteristics they are the descendants of Jenghis Khan, a powerful Mongolian chieftain who extended his empire from the China Sea to the banks of the Dnieper. Small fragments could have broken away from their leader they contend, coming over the ice of the Bering Sea in one large wave, or possibly over a small neck of land that has since disappeared, scattering through want or from pressure behind, into various groups in search of better hunting and fishing grounds.

Ethnologists agree to the first part, but say migration was not in one single wave but in many waves with the infiltration succeeding over a period of many hundreds of years, each wave losing itself as the people migrated deeper and deeper inland.

"On summing up the many varied ideas and theories regarding the ancestral strain of the Indians, Clark Wissler, curator of Anthropology in the American Museum of New York, definitely states that all the races descended from the same stem. They all represent one single strain or homotype, and this, he claims, is identical with the Mongolian races of Polynesia and Asia."

The United States school of Anthropologists has successfully combated all claims to an interglacial man in America, and it has also failed to find the Indian true to the characteristics and customs of the Mongolian.

WE, the people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, believe the Indians to be but a small fragment of a once powerful people that lived on the American continent. We believe they came from Jerusalem under the guidance and leadership of Lehi, who sought peace and deliverance from oppression for his family in a new world.

We believe the Indians to be a remnant of descendants of the sons of Lehi—called Lamanites—whom the Lord cursed with a dark skin because of their wickedness.

We have found our solution to this interesting and world-wide problem in *The Book of Mormon,* a history written and preserved by these early Americans, found through revelation and translated by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

The Book of Mormon has solved for us this much debated question, "Where did the Indians come from?"

Indian Culture

By William Evans

WHEN the term culture is used in connection with the Indian nations there are many who feel that it is conspicuous by its absence, particularly when one accepts the term in its modern application.

As a matter of fact, however, when we speak of Indian culture, we are considering the characteristic attainments of this people. Indian culture should not be judged by the conditions surrounding the plains tribes, during the westward expansion of the white man, for these Indians were only a small fraction of the great American aboriginal family. Scattered throughout the United States, then on down through Mexico, Central America and South America there are hundreds of thousands of native Americans.

According to the closest estimates available, there were less than one-half million of plains Indians within the confines of present United States at the coming of the white man, and these were living under the most primitive of conditions. So we have to look further for a true estimate of Indian culture.

This larger section of native Americans had at one time attained such a high state of cultural and artistic stature as to excite the admiration of the student. When we regard the life of the American Indian, we should remember the fact that we are looking upon a people whose ancestors once lived in a high state of civilization.

Some centuries before the legions of Caeser invaded Great Britain, where they found a semi-barbarian race, a few members of whom, near the southern coast, knew something of the use of bronze and of iron which had been introduced supposedly by Greek travelers and traders as early as the fourth century, B. C., native Americans had a good working knowledge of steel and copper. They were also adept in the use of gold and silver long before Caeser conquered Britain.

Britain received Christianity late in the sixth century. America, according to the Book of Mormon record, received it in the first century in all its purity and beauty from the Master himself. When Caesar was invading Britain, ancient America was looking forward to the coming of the Redeemer. When these same legions had been withdrawn, owing to the decline of the Roman empire, during the next century, the Savior had established His church in America and His followers were preaching and advancing this Gospel throughout the land.

WITH the extinction of the Nephites, a little more than three centuries subsequent to this period, a knowledge of the Gospel was in process of being lost to America. The Lamanites, who were the conquerors, still carried on much of the culture established by the conquered peoples, but undoubtedly a certain decline occurred. Enough remained, however, that when, some twelve centuries later, the Spaniards entered Mexico and Yucatan, and a few years later, Peru, they were amazed at the evidences of cultural and artistic development which the native Americans had attained. Indeed, many students of this ancient race

are of the opinion that in many respects the native culture exceeded that of the invaders.

So plentiful and beautiful were the Indian fabrications of the precious metals that the cupidity of the Conquistadores was aroused and all manner of cruelties and crimes were committed in the appropriation of this wealth. The performances credited to this period of history may well be termed the "Rape of the Americas."

The loss of a written language had occurred more than a thousand years previous to the Spanish invasion, but the Indian had developed a system of picture writing on paper of ingenious manufacture, and much was assembled in libraries in book form, or folios.

These collections of pictograph records had assumed large and extensive proportions. But clerical zeal ordered the wholesale destruction of them by fire, as being the works of the devil.

And thus the world is poorer in native historical lore by the loss of this mass of recording. Only a few fragments reposing in various libraries of the old world are left to us. All that remains in the Americas are the pictoglyphs and hieroglyphics which were laboriously etched on cliff walls and rocks. These are valueless because no one can read them, and if deciphered would undoubtedly be just a brief record of local events, and not of national movements and events as were the destroyed records of Mexico and Yucatan.

DURING the northern migration of the ancestors of the pueblo Indians of the southwest, which very probably occurred in successive waves of colonization, a certain amount of original culture was lost. The Conquistadores who foraged north from Mexico City failed to find the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola and the reputed golden wealth. Instead they found communal houses of poor people eking out a scant living from the soil through feeble irrigation. They were meek, and kindly in their relations one with another, but wrathful to the point of ferocity towards those who abused them and wished to enslave them.

The gold and silver of their ancestors had remained in Yucatan and Mexico under the supervision and edicts of the Emperors, later to be seized by the foreign invaders. However, they inherited other cultural attainments of their forefathers. In the manufacture of pottery they were, and are, adept. They were ingenious in the selection of certain clays, in the fabrication of pots of various sizes and shapes, and in the burning and hardening of these utensils of artistry and utility. So much so, in fact, that many tons of perfect and unbroken specimens which have withstood the chemical action of the soil and other elements, have been excavated and recovered several hundred years after their fabrication.

According to the Douglas treering chronology many of these articles are seven or eight hundred years old—some of them older. The designs on many of them were so expertly glazed as to stand out, almost in their original beauty. All this fine work was done without the aid of the potters' wheel and with the implements of the stone age.

As a comparison in dates it is interesting to know that some of these artifacts were being made while King Canute, (995-1035 A. D.) on another continent, was futilely commanding the waves of the ocean to retreat; also during the time when King Harold fell at the battle of Hastings.

BASKET WEAVING

THE modern Indians of the communal houses of the Southwest are expert potters too, although their work hardly compares with that of their ancestors. Commercial demands and necessity are largely responsible for that. Some articles of the work of from 50 to 75 years ago compare favorably with the ancient commodities.

In the art of weaving, these modern Indians, as did their ancestors, display efficiency and artistry. In the making of bags, sandals and moccasins the cliff-dwellers and ancient pueblans worked wonders in texture and design, using for most part Yucca fibers and the fine inner bark of the cedar. Occasionally they used rabbits' fur, and feathers, as well as cotton, sometimes the unstable cotton of the cottonwood tree. The cords twisted from Yucca fiber and cedar bark are counterparts of our modern cords of hemp and linen. The modern pueblans use wool and cotton, and at one time used the ravellings of the white man's blankets.

As a farmer the modern Indian, acquiring the knowledge from his forefathers, is the original irrigationist. He also taught his white brother the art—it can be called such—of mulching the soil to conserve the moisture. Long residence in arid sections of his homeland brought him realization of the fact that loosened soil around his maize conserved the underlying moisture.

THE Navajos, related to the cliff-dwellers through marriage with their descendants, the modern pueblans, have learned many of the lessons handed down by their common ancestors. The Navajo living crudely and simply, has developed a culture that has fitted him to live, move and have being under

conditions which would discourage and bring failure to the white man.

He has learned from necessity his nature lessons generations upon generations ago and they are deep-seated in his nature. They have given him a sturdiness, a poise and a dependability upon self that is admirable and well worthy of imitation.

The Navajo has inherited very little ceramic art from his relatives, the pueblans, but has developed to a high degree, and made an art of a peculiar type of Indian weaving.

The Navajo weaver has taken a practice only casually indulged in by the pueblan and made of it an industry of large proportions. The product of the Navajo loom can be safely termed "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The usual combination of colors is artistic and beautiful. The native American has long been, by necessity, a student of nature. And nature, in its color schemes, never commits an error. Individuals who have the artistic ability to bring into being such products of loom and of clay, though we may call them savage, certainly have cultural qualities of no mean order.

IN his religion the Navajo has inherited, and made ample use of the practices of his forefathers, the cliff-dwellers, and his more immediate relatives, the pueblans. His ceremonies are embellished with the Sandpainting, or Sandpicture—another beautiful work of art. He has improved the art and is now master of it.

When the Spaniards invaded Mexico and Yucatan they were astonished to find replicas of the cross, and rites that were apparently Christian in their origin. Today, the Indians have no conception of the Cross, other than that given them by white missionaries. But there is evidence that a knowledge of it existed as late as the early twelfth century. They do, however, have legendary stories of the Creation that were unquestionably of Mosaic origin. They have a conception of a Creator and a council of assistants which took part in the acts of Creation, these acts approximate, to a startling degree, those recorded in the ancient Hebrew record.

In their legendary lore they have record of a remarkable individual whose acts simulate very closely those of Moses. They have a record of occurrences in their lore very similar to recorded ones in the Old Testament. These cannot be enlarged upon as they represent sufficient material for a separate article.

The Indian takes the religion of his fathers very seriously. He has lost very little of it to the proselyters of the sectarian churches. He may be nominally a Catholic, a Presbyterian, a Baptist or what not, but in times of stress his ancient gods are his hope and his refuge.

A curious anomaly may be seen in the villages of the pueblans in New Mexico. While the priest is inside the adobe church saying mass his Indian followers are often dancing in the pagan way and singing the pagan songs on the outside.

Future generations will, without question, see the Christianizing of the Indian. Just now he is too close to his native gods and to his ancestral rituals. The medicine man is still active and influential.

When he hears the true voice of the Master he will not hesitate. He will give his heart and not just his lips. The prophesies of the Lord and of His Prophets are bound to be fulfilled. And when that time comes, "Lo, the poor Indian," will find his place in the grand and glorious work of God.

Brigham Young's Qualities of Leadership

By Elder Nephi L. Morris
(Continued from June issue)

UPON the arrival of pioneer bands in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, President Young assured his people that they had reached their Land of Promise. The day following their arrival happened to be Sunday. Religious services were held and the God of Israel was praised for the deliverance of His people and His leading them to so bounteous a land. In a sort of official manner Brigham Young proclaimed, as the law of the land, that the land was not to be bought and sold nor monopolized; that each man would be allowed ample land for his needs both as to a city home and agricultural acreage. He was to have each according to his ability to cultivate same. Neither the forests nor the water could be appropriated in excess of actual needs. These natural resources were to be preserved for the home-dweller and the tiller of the earth.

Due regard was to be shown to the twenty thousand Latter-day Saints who were still camped on the banks of the Missouri River waiting for equipment and approval in making the long journey. First steps were promptly taken in exploration and subsequent colonization in all directions. A territorial government was set up and the boundaries of the proposed commonwealth were at first fixed upon a large scale. The vast area included in addition to Utah, parts of the states of Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico and California with a generous coast line along the Pacific. The size and character of the proposed state was commensurate with the intellectual grasp of the great empire builder in charge of the situation.

LEGISLATURES were established and functioned in an orderly manner. Congress was petitioned to receive the State of Deseret into the Union. Industries of fundamental import were established, including the manufacture of sugar, woolen goods, paper, silk, leather, etc. Churches and schools were erected. The foundation of a university was splendidly laid and the present magnificent state institution is the direct outcome of that early project. The construction of railroads and telegraph lines were inaugurated at a very early day, by reason of which the Territory of Utah was brought into communication with the nation industrially and politically. With unusual sagacity and statesmanlike wisdom, Brigham Young restrained his people from the alluring and demoralizing effects of gold and silver mining and effectively indicated the social, industrial, domestic and spiritual values of sticking close to the dependable soil. In this policy he was abundantly vindicated.

These sound policies, both substantial and practical, indicate an intellectual grasp to be found only in a great empire builder which Brigham Young has long since come to be in the minds of thoughtful observers. In the domain of pioneering, exploration and statecraft the subject of our sketch has been shown to be a person of uncommon capacity and abili-

ty. Very few men of this type can step over into the realm of theology and maintain so noble a stride. But here it is that Brigham Young easily glides into the higher realm of thought and philosophy without falling down to the level of illogical, commonplace and petty dogma. It is in this field that he ascends to pure sublimity. As one of many exalted teachings quite common with him I here introduce the biggest idea I have ever encountered. Take it for what you will, it stands almost alone in its magnificence of intellectual comprehension and expression. He was speaking on the eternal nature of man and matter. Here is the idea:

"Mankind are organized of element designed to endure to all eternity; it never had a beginning and never can have an end. There never was a time when that matter, of which you and I are composed, was not in existence; it cannot be annihilated.

"It is brought together, organized and capacitated to receive knowledge and intelligence, to be enthroned in glory, to be made angels, Gods—beings who will hold control over the elements, and have power by their word to command the creation and the redemption of worlds, or to extinguish suns by a breath and disorganize worlds, hurling them back into their chaotic state. This is what you and I are created for." (J. of D. 3, 356, Dis. of B. Y. 74.)

THE impressive quality of sincerity was always conspicuously manifest in the important affairs that came before him for handling. But at no time in his eventful career did he evince a more sublime courage of his convictions than upon the occasion of his being advised that Johnston's army was on its way to Utah with the avowed purpose of subjecting the people here to military control. The dramatic event occurred at Silver Lake, the head waters of the Big Cottonwood stream. Nearly twenty-five hundred people had gathered there to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their arrival in the valley. While men and women, young and old, and little children were enjoying the relaxation which only the exalted valleys of lofty mountains can give, while bands were playing patriotic airs and choruses were singing anthems and hymns, into the festive camp rode three messengers with the startling announcement of WAR.

Instantly there they all changed from care-free, joyous and happy celebrants to fear-stricken, anxious, and almost dismayed belligerents. To their great leader they confidently looked for guidance and doubted not his being equal to the crisis so suddenly thrust before them. Military control was apparently to be imposed upon them. With a few preliminary observations, he said, "You may as well tell me that you can't make hell out of a powder house as to tell me that they intend to keep an army here and have peace." Rising to the heights of the emergency and displaying unsurpassed courage he made what I regard as the most important statement ever made in the State of Utah. He said: "I feel that I won't bear such treatment, for we are just as free as the mountain air. . . . This people are free; they are not in bondage to any government on God's footstool. We have transgressed no law, neither do we intend so to do; but as for any nation coming here to destroy this people, God Almighty being my helper, IT SHALL NOT BE."

Brigham Young in this crisis did not indulge in any such delusion as to think that his handful of impov-

erished followers could successfully set up a military resistance to the armies of the United States. But by bold strategy did he keep that army out on the plains for about a year. During this amazing resistance he communicated with Washington and laid the facts before the President and his cabinet. Friendly intermediaries, conspicuously in this connection, are to be gratefully mentioned. The superb services of a rare and true friend, Thomas L. Kane, than whom our people never had a greater friend, brought both sides to the controversy into conference and when they understood each other the "Utah War" was over.

The bold declaration of Brigham Young was not a threat of violence against the government. It was the declaration of a man whose people were about to become the hapless victims of prejudice and misinformation. Time was needed to lay the facts before the government and things must be held in abeyance till that could be done. The great leader of the Mormon people, with the full courage of the rightfulness of his convictions, successfully set up a defiant resistance. What he really had in mind to do rather than submit to such treatment as he had seen meted out to his people in Missouri and Illinois was to utterly destroy every vestige of civilization and culture existing here at the time. Not a blade of grass, nor a straw of grain or hay would be left in the field. Not a picket of a fence nor a fragment of a house or barn would be left standing. All would be destroyed by fire and they who would undertake to drive them from their homes and dispossess them of their lands, would find the place as barren as the pioneers had found it when they arrived here ten years before.

EARNESTNESS of purpose is the one dominant note that runs all through the intensely serious undertaking of Brigham Young's eventful life. Evidence of insincerity is always destructive of confidence. No man ever enjoyed greater loyalty and more sincere devotion from his followers than did this remarkable man. From the day he first associated with the Latter-day Saints' cause to the end of his outstanding career he was always constantly under test through which only characters of truest steel can pass unimpaired. High-minded, enlightened men, men of character and superior intelligence went at his wishes to colonize or perform missions when and where he advised. To remote and unknown parts they went with their families and established settlements, reclaiming the desert, building up the waste places, extending the influence of the Church and introducing, everywhere, a high order of civilization. This extraordinary man exerted such power over his devoted followers that thousands of lives were definitely shaped under his guidance and friendly counsel. The exercise of such power exists only on the basis of unquestioned sincerity and earnestness of purpose. These qualities are the keys to his great character.

THE great secret of his hold upon his fellows was the consciousness on their part of his sincere desire to promote in every way their welfare and happiness both for this life and the one to come. I tell just one story beautifully illustrative of the bond of sympathy which existed between him and his fellows. This incident was told me by my old, gifted friend, the late Alfred Lambourne. He was a close student of nature in all her various forms, and with the deep insight of both poet

and artist human nature was rich in its yield to his searching powers. President Young never forgot his old-time friends and early-day associates. When approaching the sunset of life he habitually paid regular visits to the homes or the shops of those old comrades. On one such occasion he entered the blacksmith shop of such a fellow workman. The President was always graceful and dignified in bearing and appearance. As he approached the blacksmith with the ringing anvil between them he extended his soft, shapely, small hand. Its evident refinement reaching toward him rather dismayed or embarrased the masculine worker of iron. As he laid the heavy hammer on the vibrant anvil his own hand fell like lead beside his leathern apron. It grew increasingly heavy like the metal it fashioned and hammer it wielded. Its weight increased as the embarrassing moments slowly passed. Another look at his own large hand, black and defaced with labor, and the smith could not lift his hand to meet the President's. At this flashing crisis the President stooped low and wiped his soft, white hand in the soot and grime of the floor and then arising again extended it. Instantly in the bonds of an undying comradeship their hands firmly met and their hearts also met, never to be separated.

COLUMBUS had the masterful personality—the earnestness of purpose and the courage to quell the mutineers or America might have remained in obscuration even to this day. Brigham Young had similar and still greater powers to cope with a vicious ruffianism and reckless, unpurposeful attitude at Chimney Rock or this great intermountain empire might to this day be either a sparsely settled country or a nonproductive wilderness. And while he never again had serious rebellion or sedition to contend with in so formidable a manner yet, after the arrival here in 1847, he saw many periods of wavering and a disposition on the part of some to retreat and turn from their noble objective. The cricket war though providentially terminated left many of the pioneers sadly discouraged with respect to their making a go of it in this country. Disappointment led to discouragement and then followed dissatisfaction. Crop failure caused many to regard as futile any further planting of seed in this sterile soil. One said, "I'll save my seed grain to plant in California." Others were bent on returning to the more fertile soil of Ohio or Illinois. The obvious need of an inspired leader to meet these discouragements had arrived. Added to these repellent forces came the allurements of the gold fever which was raging in California in 1848 and 1849. The great qualities of earnestness of purpose, clearness of vision, grasp of intellect, readiness of resources and courage of convictions were all needed to meet this new crisis which had arisen. All such qualities combined were needed to win in this great conflict. To consolidate the ground, they had taken from the desert; to succeed now and here was imminently necessary. To have shifted ground one inch would have been disastrous, more so than at Chimney Rock. Retreat would have been self-admitted defeat. At this last great test of the enterprise there came to Brigham Young all the qualities we have found in him and the one we said at the beginning was necessary to complete the elements of his masterful character, viz. DIVINE INSPIRATION.

LISTEN now to the words of the great pioneer, empire builder and prophet as he addressed himself to the problem of 1848. Said he, "some have asked me about going to the gold fields of California. I told them that God had appointed this place for the gathering of His Saints, and you will do better right here than you will by going to the gold mines. Some have thought they would go there and get fitted out and come back, but I told them to stop here and get fitted out. Those who stop here are faithful to God and His people will make more money and get richer than you that run after the god of this world; and I promise you in the name of the Lord that many of you will go, thinking that you will get rich and come back, will wish you had never gone away from here and will long to come back, but will not be able to do so. Some of you will come back, but your friends who remain here will have to help you, and the rest of you who are spared to return will not make as much money as your brethren do who stay here and help to build up the Church and Kingdom of God. They will prosper and be able to buy you twice over. Here is the place God has appointed for His people.

"We have been kicked out of the frying-pan into the fire; out of the fire into the middle of the floor, and here we are and here we will stay. God has shown me that this is the spot to locate His people and here is where they will prosper. He will temper the elements for the good of the Saints. He will rebuke the frost and the sterility of the soil, and the land will become fruitful. Brethren, go to now, and plant out your fruit trees. For in these elements are not only all the cereals common to this latitude, but the apple, peach and plum; yea and the more delicate fruits, the strawberry and raspberry, and we will raise the grape here and manufacture wine; and as the Saints gather here and get strong enough to possess the land, God will temper the climate, and we shall build a city and a temple to the Most High God in this place. We will extend our settlements to the east and west, to the north and south, and we will build towns and cities by the hundreds, and thousands of the Saints will gather in from the nations of the earth. This will become the great highway of the nation. Kings and Emperors and the noble and wise of the earth will visit here, (and they have) while the wicked and ungodly will envy us our comfortable homes and possessions. Take courage, brethren. I can stand in my door and can see where there is untold millions of the rich treasures of the earth, gold and silver. But the time has not come for the Saints to dig gold. It is our duty first to develop the agricultural resources of this country, for there is no country on this earth that is more productive than this. We have the finest climate, the best water and the purest air that can be found on the earth. There is no healthier climate anywhere. As for gold and silver and the rich minerals of the earth, there is no other country that equals this, but let them alone; let others seek them, and we will cultivate the soil; for if the mines are opened first we are a thousand miles from any base of supplies, and the people would rush in here in such great numbers they would breed a famine, and gold would not do us or them any good if there were no provisions in the land. People would starve to death with barrels of gold. They would be willing to give a barrel of gold for a barrel of flour rather than starve to death. Then, brethren,

plow your land, and sow your wheat, plant your potatoes; let the mines alone until the time comes for you to hunt gold, though I do not think this people will ever become a mining people. It is our duty to preach the Gospel, gather Israel, pay our tithing and build temples. The worst fear that I have about this people is that they will get rich in this country, forget God and His people, wax fat and kick themselves out of the Church and go to hell. This people will stand mobbing, robbing, poverty, and all manner of persecution, and be true. But my greater fear for them is that they cannot stand wealth. And yet they have to be tried with riches for they will become the richest people on the earth."

AFTER that all-conquering inspiration the great leader had many secondary vicissitudes to pass through, but victory for the valiant followers was as certain as though God had spoken it. Those words, as Chief Arapeen said later, went into both ears and sank deep into the heart to remain there. Those positive assurances still lie deep in the consciousness of this people even unto the third and fourth generations. What a man was Brigham Young! What a leader was he! "Where shall we find a greater example of the undiscouraged, resolute, struggling Soul of Man?" These things may in part explain why the name of Brigham Young looms with increasing bigness as the decades unfold. (*Reprint Deseret News.*)

HE KISSED ME

By Rachel Barney Taft

He kissed me
And whispered, "You are sweet as sweetness."
And I loved him; his face beamed kindness,
But he was years and years my senior . . .
Yes, I was sixty years his junior;
And he adored all little children
He was Brigham Young.
And I was only five years old then. . .

From *Main Street.*

Pioneer Influence On The Indians

By Afton Bernice Pond

WHEN President Brigham Young said, "This is the place I have seen long since in vision," and the glad cry echoed and re-echoed from tired lips, no sulking red shadow beclouded the general rejoicing of that day. But, somewhere in the background, watching and silent, undoubtedly were Indian scouts, for on the third day after the arrival of the Pioneers in the Great Salt Lake Valley, their camp was visited by Indians.

These visits to the Pioneer camp, for begging and trading, grew in frequency and with constantly increasing numbers, according to historians of the time, until it was necessary for the Mormons on the second Sunday in the valley to adopt a resolution at a public meeting "to trade no more with the Indians except at their own encampments", and to hold out no inducements to their visiting the Pioneer camp.

Erastus Snow's Journal, entry of August 1, 1847, reports that there were a number of Indians in the Pioneer camp when this resolution was passed; and whether they learned the import of it or not, during the night they left and visits from them became less frequent. As these red-skinned people slipped quietly away, they surely did not sense that these few weary settlers, with their travel-battered wagons, were only the first links of a continuous chain of people seeking peace. Nor did they recognize the beginning of white dominance in the West, and consequent thereon, a new mode of life for the Western Indian.

THE fertile valley which the Mormons accepted as their Land of Promise, and north to the Weber Valley, was claimed by the Goships, whose language and customs were related to those of the Gosiutes. In Chief Goship's prime, it is said, his followers numbered some thousands. But, the Indians had no special resistance for, nor did they understand the proper treatment of the strange diseases of the whites, so that within a short time large numbers had died. In 1848, when an epidemic of measles broke out among them, they assembled at the Warm Springs north of Salt Lake City and sought relief by bathing in these waters. Within a few years those who survived of this once proud tribe took up their abode with neighboring tribes and bands.

The valleys to the west and south of the Great Salt Lake were the home lands of the Gosiute tribes of the great Shoshone family. In Skull Valley, and across the desert in Deep Creek (Ibapah) permanent camps of Gosiutes were located long before the advent of white settlers. Literally "Desert People" they had learned to know and to use the resources of their ill-favored section, to find in the plant and animal life food for every season, covering for the body, and for every ill a medicine.

With white settlements spreading over the valleys and furnishing trading centers, strict necessity no longer impelled them to know the form and color, texture and taste, season and habitat of food and medicinal materials. The younger members of

the tribe no longer listened willingly to grandparents, and the older men and women, who because of their longer and more varied experience and consequent greater knowledge were the natural teachers and advisers. Disease struck down the Gosiute, as well as other tribes, and the aged of the camps sorrowed, not only for the dwindling in their numbers, but also that much of what was distinctively of the original Gosiute was passing away with the oldsters of the tribe.

Scouts carried the word of the Pioneer camp, in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, to the good Ute Chief, Soweitte, who resided with his tribe in what is now Utah Valley. Always friendly to the whites, it is said that he did much to control the war-like young braves who would have driven the whites from their valleys.

THE establishment of settlements in outlying regions brought the Latter-day Saint settlers into contact with these and other Indian tribes. In line with the spirit of mutual helpfulness that Brigham Young had exhibited with all Indians, in 1856 he urged that "the millions of acres of uncultivated land be given to the Indians for use, and that they be taught the peaceful avocation of the tiller of the soil, raising grain and stock for subsistence, instead of pursuing the uncertain chances of war and game for livelihood."

He said, "Surround them with a peaceful and friendly influence and a humane and benevolent policy. Thus will they be redeemed from their low estate, and advanced in the scale of civilized and intellectual existence."

In the summer and fall of 1874 there began a religious awakening among the Indians of the West that resulted in several thousand baptisms into the Latter-day Saint Church, and progress was made in the acquiring of industrial habits and the tendency towards civilized methods of life. Thus it would seem that those who have in the Book of Mormon the key to the origin and history of the American Indian, or Lamanite, who believe that they were at one time and shall again be a "white and delightsome people," have contributed toward their uplift, as well as toward improvement of relations between Indians and whites generally.

HOWEVER, the final chapter of the Indian story is not yet written. Through friendly contact, kindness, and missionary work, through examples of thrift and industry, the Pioneers exerted a powerful influence for good, but the process of civilization is slow and toilsome. The full responsibility is not discharged. That there shall be a day of blossoming for the Lamanite, there is no doubt, for in a revelation to Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, Parley P. Pratt, and Leman Copley, given at Kirtland, Ohio, March 1831, Sec. 49, Verse 24, of the Doctrine and Covenants, it is recorded:

"Before the great day of the Lord shall come . . . the Lamanites shall blossom as the rose."

David and Goliath

By The Late Anthony W. Ivins

UNTIL the year 1869 the Grand Canyon of the Colorado was a place of mystery. It was well known to the Indians who occupied the country on the north and south rims, but no effort was made by them to penetrate its depths. To them it was the adobe of evil spirits awaiting the opportunity to seize anyone who might venture within the shadows of its massive walls. It would draw them into the whirlpools of the Great River and bear them away to the home of departed spirits from which none return. The Colorado River was never approached by the Indians except at certain places where the country was open and the water could be reached without entering the recesses of the mysterious canyon.

So far as I am aware the first Indians to cross the river were a party of Oribas who came to the settlements of southern Utah with Jacob Hamblin on his return from one of his visits to the Hopis. At this time he tried to persuade Tuba, the chief of the Oribas, with his wife to accompany him to the settlements. Tuba was not inclined to go. More than likely he feared crossing the canyon but after much persuasion he consented to make the journey.

Upon arriving at Lee's Ferry on the Colorado Tuba said to Jacob, "I have worshiped the Great Spirit, the Father of us all, in the way that you believe to be right. Now I would like you to worship with me as the Hopis think is right, before we cross the Great River."

When Jacob assented Tuba took his medicine bag from under his shirt and taking from it a small portion of the sacred meal which it contained, asked Jacob to do likewise. Jacob extended his left hand, but the Indian said, "No, you must take it with your right hand."

Tuba sprinkled a small portion of the meal on the ground, in the air, and on the surface of the river after which he knelt, with his face to the East, and prayed. He prayed that the Great Spirit, the Father of us all, would preserve the party while they crossed to the opposite shore. He told the Great Spirit that he and his wife had many relatives and friends at home and that if they were drowned and did not return, there would be much weeping and sorrow. He prayed for his friends, the "Mormons," that none of them might lose their lives while crossing. He prayed that the animals might be preserved because they were needed for the long journey. He prayed that the food might not be lost because there was no more to be had. And he prayed for the safety of the clothing which was needed to keep them warm. When the party was finally safely over the river, Tuba gave thanks that his prayer had been answered.

THINKING back upon the occasion of this prayer I am reminded of an incident of an earlier day. After the conquest of the Indians in New Mexico by the Spaniards who came up from the City of Mexico, an expedition was sent out to visit the Indians who lived in villages in the northeastern part of Arizona.

Among other people they went to the Hopi Indians whose principal village was at Oriba. There was at that time in this village a very beautiful Indian girl, the daughter of a chief. When the commander of the detachment of Spanish troops saw the girl he claimed her as his. After the fashion of the old Spanish cavalier he challenged any man, whether he be of his own command, or an Indian, to defend her against his right. If anyone could defeat him in a duel he would relinquish his claim to the girl whom he had already seized. No one accepted the challenge.

As the officer was about to start away with the Indian girl a boy stepped out from among his fellows and boldly challenged the right of the Spaniard to claim her. She was an Indian. She belonged to them and he would fight for her.

Like Goliath of old the Spaniard laughed. He ridiculed the thought of fighting this stripling who appeared with no weapon but the knife he carried in his hand. However, since the code of honor among his people required that he do battle, he dismounted and started toward the boy.

The Indian boy stood erect until the Spaniard approached almost within sword's length, then with a quick movement he threw his knife with such precision and force that it penetrated the breast of the officer resulting in his death. The girl as promised was returned to her people and the soldiers rode quietly away.

The name of this boy was Tuba. The same Tuba whose remarkable character is shown in the beautiful prayer which he uttered before crossing the Colorado with Jacob Hamblin, and the girl for whom he fought was the wife who bravely crossed with him the Great River.

The story "David and Goliath" was loaned by Florence Ivins Hyde from a group of stories told to his children by the late Anthony W. Ivins.

The Indian and the Salmon Season

By Dorothy Nell Mair

WHERE the turbulent waters of the mighty Columbia River fall with a thundering roar and dash menacingly against jagged rocks creating dangerous whirlpools and boiling rapids, come the Indians to the last of the old-time fishing places, and perhaps the only one that has been preserved since the great Northwest country became the territory of the white man. From the reservations they come and camp in crude wooden shacks and tents on the southern bank of the river near the Celilo Falls—known to them as the Boiling Waters. Beginning early in May when the salmon begin to fight their way upstream, until the last of September, the Indians fish with spears and hand-fashioned nets. To many this is the only source of income during the entire year.

The fishing place at Celilo Falls, Oregon, has been restricted by the government and preserved for the Indians. No others may infringe upon this right. In the wooden shacks, the squaws keep house during the fishing season. Children in bright calico clothes play about the doorsteps and climb upon the jutting volcanic rock.

Along the twisting pathways between these shacks one may come upon an Indian bath house. This is a concave structure of massed willows and just high enough to comfortably shelter anyone sitting within. These willows are but a frame work, over which skins are thrown to shut out the air. Stones are heated and dropped into a container of water, producing steam. The nude Indian sits within the bath house on skins, and stays there until he has perspired freely for a time. Then he finishes up with a plunge into the cold river water.

DURING the salmon run, Celilo Falls belongs to the Indians. Today this fishing ground has taken on a semblance of the white man's business organization. There is a boss Indian to enforce rules, and each fisherman is assigned his own fishing place. He may use his long spear or his large net woven of stout string and fastened over a wooden hoop. A long handle is attached permitting him to dip the net deeply into the foaming rapids. The wood used in making these nets is carefully chosen. One Indian told me he had traveled forty miles to find a tree that would suit his purpose.

The fishing season is not one of sport. Salmon fishing is a business and means work and income for the Indians. The fishing is hazardous. The boiling waters have been known to conceal for all time some luckless brave who lost his footing. Each year the river claims its toll. As a safety measure, wooden scaffolds are built, supporting platforms to stand upon. Each fisherman has his own. But the platforms become slippery with the spray, and a fighting salmon can give a good tussle when the footing is precarious. To lessen the hazard of slipping off into the merciless churning mass, each Indian has a rope fastened securely around his waist and anchored, not to the scaffolding, but to another rock or an iron stake driven into the ground. The rope is long enough and loose enough to give him free-

dom of movement. It provides a means of rescue when an accident occurs. The presence of danger adds to the thrill of the yearly battle between fish and Indian, with the boiling waters pitted against them both.

SALMON are an active fish. They must have the turbulent waters in which to live and spawn. They must battle their way over rapids and jump against the mass of water to the top of the falls. There is no other way upstream. Long silver streaks, they are, leaping actively, the sun glistening on their shining slick bodies for a moment before they submerge again. Then the Indian dips his long net, and the salmon falls backward into it. Raising the net from the water, the Indian rests it on his platform for a moment. Picking up a heavy stick, resembling a policeman's club, he hits the salmon a blow on the head. That is all it needs—just one tap and another fish is recorded to the Indian's credit and loaded into the cannery's truck.

Hundreds of pounds of salmon are caught by each fisherman daily. He is paid by the pound. The average salmon weights from thirty-five to fifty pounds, and during the heavy salmon run, the Indians reap a good cash harvest.

But apprehension has descended upon the Indians. The white man's great dam—the Bonneville Dam down stream—will kill their salmon, they say. The Great White Father has thought of that, too, and constructed "ladders" at either side of the dam to permit the passage of the salmon upstream. These "ladders" built of cement, represent rapids and give the fish the activity they require to keep fit. "Oh, but," the Indian still shakes his head and says, "soon there will be great still waters, and the salmon cannot live in the still waters." It remains to be proved whether the Great White Father, or the Indian is right.

THE WATERFALL

Terrence Sylvester Glennamaddy

Swift, mystic torrent! How unceasingly
You pour your mighty waters o'er yon brink
Downward in laughing ecstacy—
A cataclysm.

In always active change of rhythmic tone
Your cataracts boom forth a song
Deeper in melody of joy
Than music's strain.

What power supreme your mist exemplifies,
Oh! mighty, rushing waterfall,
As if in answer to divine command,
Forever on.

Nor do you stop to wonder where you leap,
But plunge into the chasm far below,
'Break in eddies 'pon the rocks
Beneath the sun.

There is no pageantry can be compared
With nature's noble handiwork.
Through countless ages your spray has dashed
Into the gorge.

Dash on then. Leap and foam into the vale below.
The rainbow in thy mist shall live,
And trout shall dance in glee,
When I am gone.

Oh! Mighty God of nature and of man,
Thy likeness in the waterfall I see;
Thy image in the rising mist behold,
And worship Thee.

In Pimaland

By Evelyn Wooster Viner

GEORGE is all that romantic people have been led to believe that an Indian should be: tall, well proportioned, with handsome face cast into stern, immobile lines which—though most people do not know it—can break into a charming smile at the approach of a friend.

One delightful spring day when the generous warmth of the sun hinted at the closeness of summer and the air which pervaded Pimaland was heavy with the scent of orange blossoms, George lounged on a crude bench in the shade of his mud cottage. The squat, one-room house, framed with cottonwood logs, lathed with arrow weed, plastered with mud and topped by a thick dirt roof, presented a very picturesque appearance. It was partly surrounded by the delicate grey lace-work of bare cottonwood branches against a tender blue sky, with a background of greening fields and tangled mesquite. Beyond one viewed the flaming, satin-like red of Granite Reef Mountain, the melting blue and pink of Four Peaks and the grim fortress-like Superstition with its broad, creamy ribbon near the top.

George contemplated the scene with indifferent satisfaction and contiued the pleasant pastime of planning what he should plant in the freshly turned furrows. His wife, Elena, busied herself under the palm-leaf shade, preparing a late dinner of tortillas and beans on the outdoor stove.

INTO the quiet of this placid scene intruded the squeak of hastily applied brakes and a penetrating feminine voice, "Oh, my Dear! Look at that handsome Indian! Isn't he perfectly thrilling? But what a dreadful house! How can anyone live in such a hovel?"

George gave the new arrivals a sidewise glance, though he already knew that they were the kind of white people that he didn't want to see.

A man's voice took up the thread, "Good-looking chap, that's a fact. Hope he's not as stupid as the others we have seen."

Upon poor helpless George descended two men, who doubtless considered themselves gentlemen, and three women, who probably felt certain they were ladies.

"Good afternoon, my man," condescended the foremost. "Do you live here?"

George presented an excellent imitation of a statue done in bronze.

"Is this your—er—ah—domicile?" persisted the inquisitor.

George continued his impersonation of a man deaf, dumb and blind.

"He dosen't understand a word you say, Dear. How extraordinary! So good-looking too! Let us try the woman."

After a fruitless attempt to get even a glimmer of intelligence from Elena, the feminine inquisitor continued, "Strange how ignorant these creatures are! Hardly human! Well, we may as well look around. See these queer flat cakes she is cooking right on top of the stove. What can they be?"

After examining the tortillas and making sundry remarks, the party repaired to the house where they

examined everything with the greatest care, keeping up a running fire of comment the while, interrupted now and again by little squeals of delight over bits of pottery and basketry.

At last, chattering and exclaiming, the party clambered into their waiting car and departed in a cloud of dust and glory.

"AN Indian's an Indian," says George, who only a few years ago was graduated from an excellent school, and has good command of the English language, "and he'll never be anything else, but if I were to do in that man's house what he did in mine I would be arrested."

This is but a single instance. Incidents of this sort happen often. Is it any wonder that the Indian is not over-anxious to adopt the white man's manners?

THE NAVAJO

By Minnie J. Hardy

A world of red and burnished gold,
  A thousand painted buttes of sand,
Where cactus buds their leaves unfold
  And sun shines bright across the land.
From desert wastes of purple sage
  To mountain peaks all white with snow,
Since many a long forgotten age
  Has lived the mighty Navajo.

Proud of his race, his strength, his skill,
  Eager to hunt in sun and rain,
Awake, alert, and quick to kill
  All who invade his wide domain.
Ready to sacrifice his life
  To help his tribe in weal or woe,
No task too hard, no stress or strife
  Too great for the brave Navajo.

The spring time comes with gentle rain
  To make his crop a better yield;
The summer sun will shine again
  And doubly bless his wind-swept field.
The autumn hunt brings bear and deer,
  For work will always food bestow,
The winter cold he does not fear
  His God will keep the Navajo.

He loves his home, his wild, wild land,
  With great arroyos deep and wide,
The mountains, mesas, canyons grand
  Where his forefathers lived and died.
From the crimson beams at break of day
  To evening's sunset, saffron glow,
He thanks his God in his own way
  For blessings on the Navajo.

Sego Lily

(An Original Legend)

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

IN the land of brooding canyons, where the flaming tongues of sunset leap and fall with the white-tipped waves on briny waters, there lived an Indian girl. Her hair was like the midnight sky with the stars sparkling through. Her eyes were like the shadows of the willows when the sun wakes little birds of light to dance through their deepness. Tall and graceful as a willow and fleet as a deer, she was given the freedom of the valley.

Although she did not belong among them, these lazy Piutes loved her. They called her Leawanna, little blossom of the desert. The daughter of a Sioux chieftain, stolen from the hills of Minnesota by the warring Blackfeet, she had been brought among the Piutes by an outlaw Blackfoot. He was daring and strong, but his strength was born of magic. Although he loved Leawanna with all his savage heart she could not return his love.

"No, no, Blackfeather," Leawanna said to all his pleadings. "I could not tan your buckskin. I could not bead your leggings," and she ran away.

THERE came into that desert valley a young stranger. His eyes were like warm pools reflecting the mid-day sky and his hair was like corn in autumn. Leawanna loved the blue-eyed stranger and she called him Corn-In-Autumn.

Corn-In-Autumn's wooing filled Blackfeather's heart with anger. In a jealous rage he called on the powers of darkness and when he felt the magic in his arms he sought and found Leawanna. He wrapped her quickly in a scarf of purple shadows and shot it through and through with the arrows of blackness. Finally, he unwrapped the scarf and shook its folds. Gone was Leawanna, the desert blossom. Only a gray-winged seagull lifted languid wings and lay before him like a moth when it leaves the moist bed of the cocoon's silky envelope. As the seagull gained strength, she flew away to an island in the lake. So the ill-fated Leawanna lived among the seagulls with the form and bodily habits of a seagull, but the heart and soul of a tortured maiden.

As a seagull, however, she had these pleasures. She could follow Corn-In-Autumn up and down the furrows as he plowed his small field for his meager planting. She could circle over his head and guard him as he went about his chores.

ONE day she saw Corn-In-Autumn and all his neighbors in great trouble. Black crickets swarmed over every field devouring every green leaf and tender shoot that had braved the thirst of the desert land to yield a crop for her lover and his people. The farmers and even their wives and children fought the crickets with sacks and sticks until they fell exhausted, but they seemed to make no headway against them. They

lay like a black carpet over every field.

Leawanna called her seagull friends and flew with them toward the struggle. Like a great cloud the gray and white birds rose from their island home and sailed due eastward over the valley. The frightened people dropped to their knees and prayed for God to deliver them from this new enemy. When they arose they shouted in relief, for the seagulls were not destroying their crops but devouring the crickets.

Between the farmers and the birds, the crickets were soon under control, but the jealous Blackfeather knew who had led them to the fields and planned to get revenge by killing Leawanna's blue-eyed lover. Stealthily, he crept behind Corn-In-Autumn's shed until he saw his rival approaching. Then he aimed a purposeful arrow. But, they two were not alone, as Blackfeather had supposed, for just as he loosed his bow, down swooped Leawanna and stopped the arrow in its flight.

Poor Corn-In-Autumn looked down in astonished sorrow to see, not a gull as he had thought, but the torn and bruised body of Leawanna.

Sorrowfully he picked her up and carried her to the hillside. There he buried her in the covers that the mountain streams had woven long ago in the waters of an ancient lake. They were deep and soft and she rested there, cool in the summer heat and warm through the winter cold.

But her seagull friends missed her. Even today they search the hillsides and follow the plow up and down every furrow, calling stridently to one another, "Where?"—Over and over from the field and sky, "Where?" "Where? Where?" is Leawanna?

Blackfeather hung his head in shame over the miscarriage of his plans, but took comfort in the thought that now, at least, his rival could no longer see her nor receive help from her. All his knowledge of magic had not given him wisdom, for in this, too, he was mistaken.

EARLY in the spring when the sunbeams of April came galloping down the canyons on the white-maned horses from the land of liquid snowbanks, Leawanna sent up a timid finger through her coverings. It was palely green from long confinement, but it grew stronger and greener as it unfolded a tiny white cup to the sun. In the bottom of the cup were stains of purple from her bruised and bleeding heart. Soon there were many cups with their storied stains of purple. They gathered the sunlight and sent it down to Leawanna, who stored it in the fattening bulbs beneath the ground to save it for her lover as food, that he and his people could depend upon until they conquered the stubborn desert.

NOW when the seagulls cry their call of bitter longing, "Where? Where? Where?" is Leawanna? the sego lilies whisper to the canyon breezes in voices so low that the seagulls can never hear.

"Tell them, Breezes. Tell the seagulls. Here, Oh, here is Leawanna. She sleeps beneath the lilies, sego lilies, little blossoms of the desert."

Women We Should Know

Mrs. Elise Furer Musser—Home Woman—Stateswoman

By Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. ELISE FURER MUSSER has been called the only woman in the United States to help frame a treaty. "How did you get that way?" asked an outspoken woman one day. To her and no doubt to others, Mrs. Musser does not fit the general preconceived notion of a "public woman." She is small, very feminine, soft-spoken, completely lacking in aggressiveness, modest. To those who see a little more deeply, Mrs. Musser's blue eyes shine with intelligence and kindliness; she is unusually efficient, but in such a quiet way that one is never painfully aware of her efficiency, and she looks wise enough to gain a point by other than aggressive means. Those who know her well are not surprised at the national and international recognition she has received. Yet Mrs. Musser will always be outstandingly a home woman.

A lover of children, Mrs. Musser was ambitious to rear a large family. Unfortunately this was not to be. She has but one child, a fine son. However, instead of brooding and closing in upon herself, she widened her sympathies and affections and made humanity her family. Particularly has she been devoted to the foreign-born. In the hearts of hundreds of them in Utah she stands enshrined as god-mother — often fairy godmother.

Her special interest in foreigners sprang from her own experience in coming to America at the age of seventeen. Hers was better than most, as she was unusually well equipped, but at best, she says, foreigners find adjustment difficult. However intelligent or superior they may be, they are considered inferior by native Americans. There are many other handicaps to be overcome. How well Mrs. Musser overcame all difficulties may be gathered from her own story:

SHE was converted to Mormonism in the French-Swiss town of Neuchatel. Her native language was French; she learned a little English in school; her mother, acquainted with German, although imperfectly, talked to the children at home in that language and waited for them to answer her likewise. Elise felt herself rather fluent in German, and so when the German farm hands and servants, shy about writing their own tongue, asked the young girl to write their letters for them (to sweethearts and friends) she did so without hesitation. Later she earned enough money to send herself to the high school at Burgdorf, a German town, and when she found how little she really knew of German, she blushed at the thought of the epistles she had penned. She was ambitious and was graduated from the school with a grade of one and one-tenth per cent lower than that of the student at the head of the class, a native German girl.

At seventeen she came to America with her brother, where she mastered English with almost incredible speed and perfection. One detects no accent in her pronunciation and no

ELISE FURER MUSSER

trace of clinging foreign idioms in her expressions, an extraordinary accomplishment, rare of attainment.

Elise was soon able to work in an office. Practicing self-denial and old-country thrift, she gave herself to the cause of emigrating her mother, step-father, and six brothers and sisters.

Her task accomplished, she went to Mexico City to visit friends. She was happy there and decided to remain. In six weeks she was speaking Spanish; in three months she held an office position.

After two and one-half years she returned to Salt Lake and in 1911 married Burton W. Musser. She taught private pupils in French, German, and Spanish, and served often as court interpreter.

In 1913-14, while her husband studied law at Columbia University, she took classes there in American

history, English, and psychology.

Returning to Salt Lake, she helped through the "struggle-period" with her skill at languages. She also utilized her special talent for home making. Mrs. Musser did not have to wait until ample means came her way to have an attractive home where people loved to come. She had a magic way with money. It seemed to render her twice the ordinary service. With materials she was equally clever. The writer saw her decorate a many-windowed apartment with "just anything" she "had at hand," and felt that she deserved an M. A. degree in Domestic Economy. Although she was caring for her young son, frequently looking after nieces and nephews, giving lessons, and working in social service activities, yet she kept her house exquisitely. A sense of serenity, order, and comfort emanated from its walls. Also she dressed with strict economy, yet kept herself fresh, dainty, and appropriately clad.

Possessed of unusual self-discipline, she carried on her many activities in spite of poor health much of the time. Her home and her heart were always open to the foreign-born. She understood them; she knew the intrinsic value of the native qualities and training they brought with them. This understanding, together with her knowledge of America and her patriotism to her new country, gave her a most intelligent conception of Americanization problems and how to meet them with the happiest results to the foreigners. For more than twenty years she has been "general utility man" to Salt Lake's large groups of Mexicans, Italians, French, Germans, Syrians, Greeks, and Japanese. "Who could have induced all these people to go to school, except Mrs. Musser?" ask the Greeks, about their own new immigrants. The colored people also find a friend in Mrs. Musser whenever occasion requires.

MRS. MUSSER'S political career came to her unsought and began by accident. A member of the "Cleophan," she read a paper on Russia to her group. By request she gave it before the State Woman's Democratic Convention. Mrs. George Dern, the governor's wife, heard it, became acquainted with the author, and asked her to be State Chairwoman. She felt rather stunned and did not desire the position, but was persuaded to accept it. She was repeatedly reelected for seven years.

In 1932 she was voted National Democratic Committeewoman, and acted as such for four years.

In 1933 she was asked to run for the State Senate, although it was said openly that Utah was not yet ready for another woman senator. She would be the first in about thirty years. She believed she was only paving the way for a later victory for some one else, but to her surprise, she received more than twice as many votes as the leading male candidate. Working constantly for social legislation, she introduced and sponsored our Child Labor Law, considered the finest of any in the country except that of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Musser's past offices and activities are too many to mention individually. However, some are as follows: She was a member of the Board of Regents of the State Agricultural College for eight years; she was an active member of the State's first Unemployment Committee; twice she acted as president of the Neighborhood House, and twice as president of the Visiting Nurses' Association, which she helped to inaugurate. She is now a member of the Board of the State Tuber-

culosis Association and of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.

In 1924 Mrs. Musser was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in New York. Diplomatic visitors sat in boxes, among them the Minister from Bolivia, to whom Mrs. Musser was presented and with whom she chatted in Spanish. Some one else conversed in French, and Mrs. Musser explained that that was her native language and she should have remembered that South American diplomats are trained to speak in several languages.

"Could you follow me in Italian?" he asked.

"Try me and see," she challenged, for she is also fluent in Italian.

"How about Portuguese?" he asked.

"That only sounds to me like poor Spanish." He laughed heartily. This pleasant incident established a reputation for Mrs. Musser, and friendly relations with foreign representatives.

At the Democratic Convention in 1936, Mrs. Musser was one of fourteen women to prepare the national platform. World Peace was one of the important planks.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT decided to send a woman delegate to the Inter-American Conference in 1936. He suggested the names of five of America's leaders of women's movements, who were also socially prominent. The State Department was to make the choice. A friend wrote Mrs. Musser from Washington: "You will undoubtedly be the delegate to Buenos Aires. The State Department has examined your record and finds it one hundred per cent to its liking, and your speaking Spanish and French makes you ace-high." This was a true prognostication and Mrs. Musser accompanied

GARDEN OF THE MUSSER HOME

America's seven men representatives, among them Secretary Hull and Sumner Welles, to Buenos Aires where she was the only woman delegate in a group of 99 men, many of them past presidents and ministers of their respective countries. Her service during that busy and exhausting period was invaluable. She headed the committee of United States Americans who drew up a treaty regarding the exchange of students among American countries. Two other nations had prepared similar treaties, and she headed the commision which harmonized these treaties. Her knowledge of South American peoples, her astute mind, her poise and tact, her gracious charm, made her popular, and the men were pleased to have a woman delegate.

President Young of the Brazilian Mission wrote a letter to President Ballard saying that the missionaries called upon Mrs. Musser at the Conference hall and she received them most kindly, introducing them freely and speaking of her own affiliations with them. "This gracious lady," he wrote, "has done much for our cause here, giving it a new prestige and importance in the eyes of the people."

The latest civic honor conferred upon Mrs. Musser was her election to Utah's Women's Hall of Fame. Her latest national honor was to be chosen by the People's Mandate Committee to head the Flying Caravan, which visited 22 South American countries, to further the cause of peace and to urge ratification of the treaties agreed upon at the Conference.

MRS. MUSSER is again at home doing her own work in her lovely Spanish house on Yale Ave., with its spacious gardens where, among other lovely things, more than sixty varieties of iris are to be found. She shares her home and garden with high and low, teaching her troubled friends to knit or do other handwork while she unravels some of the mental and spiritual knots for them. Recently fifty Greeks and Syrians spent a wonderful evening on her lawns wandering among the trees and shrubs. She served them jamaica blossom drink, iced, red as current jelly, and tart as lemonade, but with a different and delicious flavor. She brought the dried blossoms with her from Mexico.

Those who know Mrs. Musser well do not wonder at the national and international eminence she has attained. Shakespeare says:

"Oh, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that
clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the
wearer."

Mrs. Musser's earnestness, her unusual intelligence, her patience with details, her desire for justice and righteousness, her love for humanity, her gracious personality—these are the merits by which she pruchased her "clear honor." Many Christians today dream about Christianity as something yet to be attained. Few even try to live it literally, yet among those few Mrs. Musser deserves a high place.

Hard-Riding Bill—Mormon Cowpuncher

By Ralph Hubbard

Note: During a recent visit of Ralph Hubbard to Brigham Young University where he was visiting with his friend and former associate, Karl Young, he related the following story to the student body. Mr. Hubbard, a son of Elbert Hubbard, is famous for his work with the American Indian and for his interpretation of their dances and ceremonials.

THE best missionary I ever knew was a cowpuncher from this Utah valley, who learned of a condition among certain Navajos away south of here, that was a considerable worry to all the rest of the Navajo nation. This anxiety was centered around an epidemic of a certain skin disease among little children. I know of this man only as Hard-ridin' Bill.

Bill was what we call a man whose courage matched his convictions; he was not afraid of the task. He took his finest saddle horse and two pack horses laden with home-improvised emergency-hospital equipment, rode into this canyon among the diseased Indians without announcing his purpose, and asked to stay the night. He was told of the danger of contamination, but he remained.

Next morning he was allowed to treat one little child less than a year old. The child was feverish and whimpering. He washed the babe with antiseptic and healing salve, did the child in sterile linens and laid him on his own blankets with no fear.

The Indians were greatly astonished at his courage, saying it was not common for white people to conduct themselves this way. Before the day was out he had treated many others. During the ensuing week he was swamped with business. As time went on his supplies ran out and he returned to Provo for more materials. In a year he had successfully checked the epidemic.

He continued his work longer, learning the Navajo language, their ceremonials, more of their religion, joined their hunting parties, helped in lambing seasons, helped with shearing, and established himself forever with the people of his adoption.

ONE day, after all these months and months, he was seated on the river bank facing the East. He was concentrating on passages from the New Testament. His little leather-covered black volume was worn and warped from having been carried in his hip pocket while riding hundreds of miles. As he sat reading from this "speaking leaf" with his eyes on the eastern sky he quoted passages.

Diminutive Navajos watched him for a while with much alarm, thinking Bill was losing his mind. In great haste they reported to the old Navajo authorities that Bill was crazy; that he was talking to someone they could not see right in the daylight. Old men came out wrapped to their eyes in blankets, stood thoughtfully behind Bill, watching his every move and listening. Finally the cowpuncher stood up, closed the 'speaking leaf" and replaced it in his hip pocket. Turning to his old friends he smiled and spoke cordially with all of his accustomed happiness and goodwill.

The reassumption of his normal powers was a tremendous relief to the old men. In pure gentility they

RALPH HUBBARD
and War Bonnet made by himself

remarked, "Bill, you have learned our language; you know our songs; you join our dances; you have fought storms with us; you have faced starvation with us; and you have done us a great service. Tomorrow night we hold our big medicine ceremony; will you not join us once more and afterwards tell us of your medicine?"

So, Bill visited with his friends, danced, sang and prayed 'way into the night according to the best prescribed Navajo ethics. And then, amidst a great silence, began telling them of a Medicine Man in long ago days who was nailed to a tree by His own people. These people had turned against Him; they sought to kill Him, to make Him die in agony, and then to lay away His body. But even His body did not

remain undaunted—it walked again, the spirit lived—would not leave at once—did great medicine deeds, and finally when it disappeared no one knew what became of the spirit or body. To this day much of it is a mystery.

Old Indians asked Bill, "Does the spirit ever come back?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do some ever hear the spirit speak?"

"Yes."

"Does this spirit have the same medicine power?"

"Very much so."

"Could anyone do this?"

"No."

"Did He come back to anyone?"

"Yes."

"To whom does He come?"

"To those who study; to those who have faith."

THE lesson taken from this story is essentially the divine revelation and truth that we find in the simplicity of worship as seen by the great teacher of the Latter-day Saints.

Bill, I know him by no other name, walked on the earth with the lowly, the down-trodden, the outcast and the grieved, learning their ways. Never once did he use the premise that they were inferior and he superior. Never once did he assume that they were savages and he the so-called civilized. After proving that he could be worthy of their levels of progress, the moment was created apparently by super-guidance, the people were ready for his story. They were equals and they climbed up together.

This is a secret of powerful leadership known to the few. We find the approach thus described has more power behind it than any other work done for the American Indian.

More of the story of Hard-ridin' Bill, I do not know. He remains nameless to me, but this fragment is a tradition among the Navajos.

THE TICKENAGAN*

By Olive W. Burt

Here where the waters flow silent and deep
I'll gather willows for thy tickenagan.
Their gift of stillness will comfort thy sleep,
When thou art swinging in thy tickenagan,
Swinging and swaying in thy tickenagan.

Reeds for the framework must be lithe and strong,
Just as thy body must be, little chieftain.
Willows for weaving are supple and long,
Just as thy sinews must be, little chieftain—
Supple and strong must thou be, little chieftain.

Proudly I smile as I serve a young chief,
Though I'm but weaving thy small tickenagan;
And I shall serve thee through joy and grief
After thou leavest thy small tickenagan—
But oh, how I'll treasure thy small tickenagan!

*A papoose basket woven of willows.

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Editorials

Our Indians Today (Guest Editorial)

By Ralph Hubbard

ALL people who are interested in the swifty moving problems of the day have a burning interest in the great work being done among Indians at present. We all like to have facts that we know well, repeated simply because they are good. What would some of our dear but mistaken great-grandfathers say were they to hear us talking so peacefully and safely on Indian problems, all the while thinking of them as our Red Brother? Mistaken and blundering though they were it is no time for resentment now. They were not all to blame for their deeds and attitude. Too often it was improper leadership that decided their courses. Let us forgive them and turn to the issues of the day, mending with kindness and forethought as many of the unhappy results as possible before it is too late!

Suppose we look at the Indian population as a whole for the moment, just to freshen our memories. They are of many kinds according to geographic distribution. There are those who dwell in the east and central river areas, most of whom we call "leaf-dwellers" and whose lives are characterized by use of birch and other bark in a thousand ways, canoes, wigwams, "long-houses," corn, maple sugar and a host of vegetables. Secondly, we find the Indians of the Great Plains, who followed the bison herds, living in tepees and, after the Spaniards came, owning herds of horses. Thirdly, there are the southwestern house dwellers, living in villages of adobe buildings, cultivating fields and gardens, making pottery and baskets. And near them we find the desert people, the Navajos on the one hand, who make blankets and raise crops, while near them

are the Apaches and other groups of similar cultures who live more like the Plains Indians but who do make some pottery and a great many baskets. Fifthly, there are those tribes who inhabit the mountains, high plateaus, probably people who were originally driven there because of differences with other people and who took with them bits of culture from all their neighbors. Lastly we find the coast people who seek milder climates along the northwestern shores, carving totem poles and huge canoes from single logs, living principally on fish. And amazing to relate—out of all this classification there are 350 definite tribes, each with its own language, and at least 500 dialects! Yet we have uninformed whites asking us to say something in *THE Indian Language!!!* In many instances whole tribes have dwindled and deteriorated almost unbelievably as to health and social standards simply because of reservation confinement and our governmental mismanagement. With the cast-off clothing and generally misfit equipment from our charities and surplus army goods, they are bound to resemble a race of subdued tramps! The true missionary and teacher finds himself hard put at times but always manages to see through such deplorable exteriors, to the real men in whose souls still dwell primitive but highly noble sentiments. I sometimes wonder if some of our own natural and primitive sentiments have not suffered with too much civilization, don't you?

And isn't it amazing also, considering the vast burden the Indian carries in the shape of all our diseases, to learn that he is not actually a vanishing race numerically at all, but is increasing? Only a few generations back the rolls numbered 285,000 and today there are over 350,000! This means just on the North American Continent. Students are generally agreed that it was the early Spaniards who, while leaving some important advantages, actually wreaked the greatest damage on the Indian of all those coming in from Europe. Because of these misfortunes and the mistakes made by the French, British and others from north Europe in developing the American frontiers, there are yet those among us who know the Indian only as a Wild West Show product and one who burns covered wagons in movies. And alas! All Europe is resposible for mixing Indian and Negro blood. There are some few tribes in which this has happened to a considerable extent and it has, generally speaking, been of absolutely no benefit to either race, for each has lost physically and mentally by it. The same fact is true, but for different reasons, of some of the French mixtures, being largely due to the vastly mistaken purpose that prompted the French to launch their sweeping settlement projects through Canada.

The bulk of physical disintegration among Indians is undeniably due to mouth diseases, which seems to be true of most races. They have been submitted to our conditions for such a few generations relatively, that they have not developed much resistance to our troubles as yet. The reservation confinement and almost totally revolutionized diet-balance have caused them to assume new habits and customs too rapidly. Nature is after all, the best Sanitation Engineer we shall ever know, but too many obstacles will even defeat *her!* We ourselves have been obliged to create a whole sack-full of unnatural tricks in order to live in a sanitary way since we seem no longer able to follow the courses of the out-of-doors. We even insist on

whole-wheat bread, celery, raw vegetables and fruit, let alone spinach and hominy, all as offsets against refined flour and strained cranberry sauce! One scientist has said that, "To be civilized is at best to be unnatural!"

So much for argument and background; so much for history and proof. And now to the real message!

THE Indian Bureau under the Department of Interior is today making enormous changes in all policies. This does not mean that all the eleven great branches of Sioux are going to revive the blood-sacrifice of the Sun Dance, nor that the city of St. Paul is to be burned next Fourth of July. But it does mean that the drastic measures used in the '80s and '90s when all our Indians were managed by the War Department and were thus regarded as virtual prisoners of war, can now be found in the ash-can. Instead of punishing children for speaking their own languages in the dormitories of the Indian boarding schools, there are now day schools on reservations where the parents are always welcome and urgently invited, and wherein we often find Indian and white girls teaching who know the languages of those in the district very well. Instead of rekilling all the Sitting Bulls and their families for participating in the famous Ghost Dance rituals, we are now studying such ceremonies with large degrees of sympathy and fascination, discovering that *they* and the ancient Hopi Snake Dances are religious matters not dangerous and really none of our business withal!!! We now have published and in circulation through the American Bureau of Ethnology things like the *Handbook to American Indians* in two volumes, which is an encyclopedia to tribes and personal names, and also a fine book on languages alone, the *Handbook to American Indian Languages*. Believe it or not, all this is a far cry from our original white savagery with these people, is it not? Old tribal customs, tribal councils and government and thus tribal discipline are being revived and encouraged to a wonderful extent. Following Dartmouth College which has been endowed for Indians 175 years, we now have scholarships offered for Indians in most of the big universities of the land. We assist them to pay their tuitions just as readily as we do white boys and girls. There are today a good many hundred graduate lawyers, doctors and teachers who are full-blooded and the number of nurses reaches thousands. Their work among their own people is monumental. Trained Indian officials are substituted for whites in the reservation offices wherever it seems the logical and natural course.

The allotment plan, while benefiting many, especially restricted areas, spelled the doom of thousands. It opened the road for whites to eat away the last of tribally-owned land. Some day not too far distant we shall see reservoirs on all tribally-owned ranges where there shall also be tribally-owned herds of cattle once more. These wonderful advances are especially marked already in the southwest. These new adjustments—really a most profound and sane return of the OLD—are sometimes met with wonder and skepticism, so long have our motives in Indian dealings been doubtful. But generally speaking the improvements are coming quite rapidly. Anxious factions are slowly yielding to the better judgment of their more progressive brethren. One is often surprised at the number of free agencies over the United States who

are furthering all this good work. Schools, colleges, Boy Scouts, Campfire Girls, Girl Scouts, are all feverishly active. Accredited courses in Indian Lore are now being offered by the best curricula. In fact we are awakening to the fact that we have been killing people whom we should have cultivated as friends up through our history. In short we have at last hit General Sheridan a crack in finding there is a good Indian besides the dead one! In a stage whisper that can be heard all over the land, let's you and I beg Old Man Congress to remain on our side in furthering this great work. Faintly, but most certainly, the Indian once more sees reasons for living; a light is spreading through his future! What was so wrong with him in the first place that we needed to use him for a national door-mat and then later regard ourselves as fit judges to completely revamp what was left in manner totally suited to ourselves alone?

Let us listen to the Zuni priest at dawn on his house-top, his village standing on the pueblo buildings around him, while the chrystalline chill of a southwestern desert morning grips every soul: "Oh Great Sun! Pour light on my people and make all right in our world today!" Gently, tall shafts of golden light reach the heights, the massive yellow disc creeps into view casting long, deeply purple shadows westward from every Yucca bush. Then lo! the desert is bathed in light. Again the resonant chant of the priest cries out: "Oh Sun! Now that thou hast come to find my people, all *is* right in my world today!"

SLOGAN CONTEST WINNER

INTEREST and ingenuity were displayed to a marked degree in the membership slogan contest held in connection with the launching of the Membership Drive. The response was large and gratifying and many fine slogans were submitted. The award of ten dollars went to Sister Mary A. Jackson Coulam, Thirty-first Ward, Liberty Stake, for her slogan, *Members Old, Members New, One Hundred Thousand By '42*. The slogan embraces the desire of the General Board to retain and keep active all present members and to increase our present membership to one hundred thousand by the centennial. We congratulate Sister Coulam and thank all sisters who responded so promptly and well.

WRITERS' ROUND-UP

Of interest to writers will be the Third Annual Writers' Roundup which will convene at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, July 18 and 19. The program will begin with a Poets' Breakfast, Monday morning, July 18, at 8 a. m., with Olive Woolley Burt, Poetmaster. Sessions will be held morning, afternoon, and evening, closing with a Writers' Banquet, Tuesday evening.

For program, address Harrison R. Merrill, B. Y. U., Provo, Utah.

The Law Of The Lord

By Ruth May Fox

WHEN one calls to mind the spiritual darkness under which the world labored for so many centuries and the confusion and perplexity of the nations at the present time, it is indeed a cause for rejoicing that we are living in a day when the Everlasting Gospel has been restored and with it the keys and laws for its administration.

On the eighth day of July of the present year (1938) the Latter-day Saint Church will celebrate with praise and thanksgiving the restoration of one of these laws. This event was a harbinger of peace and brotherhood. On that date one hundred years ago the Lord revealed to Joseph Smith, the latter-day prophet, that one-tenth of the increase of His children belonged to Him who created them and provided for their sustenance.

The restoration of this law is another proof, if another is needed, that we are living in the last dispensation when all things shall be restored and "hidden things be made known."

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss at length the many phases and benefits of living this law. Suffice it to say, it is an eternal law, as all God's laws are, and should be obeyed voluntarily and spontaneously. It was revealed for the benefit and blessing of the Church individually and collectively. Individually it is a stepping stone to a higher law. If lived it will help us to overcome that demon selfishness which all mankind, more or less, must battle with. It is a test of loyalty to the Church we love; a test of faith and trust in our Heavenly Father who has promised many blessings, temporal and spiritual, to those who observe the law. "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (*Malachi* 3:10.) And greater than all it is a test of obedience.

Collectively it is for the purpose of building temples, meetinghouses, and for missionary service and the support of those who must give all their time to the work of the Lord —indeed, to build up Zion until it shall become the joy of the whole earth. Where is the Latter-day Saint whose heart does not thrill in having a part in so glorious a project? It gladdens our hearts to know that a substantial part of the tithing of the Church is paid by women—married and unmarried, widows and young girls who work for small salaries; by women who pay the price of the tenth egg, tenth chicken or the tenth of a gift. These are surely laying up treasures in heaven which will never rust nor diminish. The married woman whose husband pays the family tithe is deprived of a real privilege, as she does not realize the satisfaction of paying her own tithing—and paying it as soon as she gathers her increase, whatever that may be.

IN a certain ward in Salt Lake City there lived a widow with several small children who, in order to support them, went out working by the day mainly doing laundry work. When she paid her tithing to the Bishop it was all in dimes. From every dollar she earned she put away the Lord's tenth.

There was another, quite an old lady, in the same ward who procured a wagon such as small boys delight

in, and in the evening it was not unusual, if one went to town, to meet her pulling a load of laundry which she had gathered up from rooming houses. She had provided herself with a washing machine and hired a man, who could do little else, to turn it for her. Thus, she earned her living and gladly paid her tithing, and her Bishop said that whenever there was an extra call for the temple or any legitimate purpose she always paid her share.

The following story was told by our late President Joseph F. Smith: His mother, a widow, was delivering a load of potatoes to the storehouse with which to pay her tithing. A receiving clerk spoke to her in a manner that hurt her feelings, telling her that she, being a widow, had no need to pay her tithing, that there were those much stronger than she who were supported by the Church. Mrs. Smith turned quickly, calling him by name, and saying, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, would you deny me a blessing? If I did not pay my tithing I should expect the Lord to withhold His blessing from me. I pay my tithing not only because it is a law of God, but because I expect a blessing by doing so. By keeping this and other laws I expect to prosper and be able to provide for my family."

In commenting on this and the law of tithing in general, in one of his sermons in the Tabernacle, President Smith said, "Will you then deny the widow because she has only a mite to bestow; because the tenth which she proposes to give in obedience to the commandment of God is but a penny? Are you going to deprive her of the privilege of having her name enrolled in the book of the law of the Lord; of having her genealogy acknowledged and recorded in the archives of the Church?" Surely not; the Lord has designed otherwise. In His love of justice, the widow's mite, if it be one-tenth, will receive as great an acknowledgement as the millionaire's thousands.

"Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed." (*Psalms* 37:3.)

QUESTION:

WHEN out in company, if alcoholic liquor is served (beer, wine, whiskey, or cocktails), is it impolite to refuse and how should one refuse?

ANSWER:

NO, it is not impolite to refuse anything one does not care for. If spinach is offered and refused because one does not care for it, it is not urged upon one, nor is one subjected to "razzing" remarks if one continues to refuse. If seated at a table and the drink has not been served, just turn down your glass or glasses as you would a coffee cup if you do not care for coffee. If already served, just refrain from using. If the drinks are passed, simply say, "No thank you." And a good hostess will see to it that you have a delicious fruit drink or a glass of water. Remember that you are not breaking any rule of etiquette by refusing, but a hostess who insists does not know the meaning of the word etiquette.

Children's Reading

By Florence Ivins Hyde

NO. VII—BIBLE STORIES

"Could we give one gift to every child,
We should choose the love of books."
—*William Fredrick Bigelow.**

ASIDE from its religious value, when we look at the Bible we see it as a collection of stories, poetry, drama, history, and wisdom. No other book equals it and no other book has had such a definite influence upon the world of letters. It has "moved nations and wrought miracles in the souls of men," and is still the "best seller."

It is generally held to be true that nowhere in literature do we find such gems as in the Bible. It has even been said that it is "doubted whether any statesman or any writer has risen to real eminence without the Bible in him." From it have developed all of our laws, both secular and moral.

In this day when "wise-cracking" and extreme realism occupies such a large place in what are supposed to be literary productions, we could well return to the Book of Books for the revelations of what is true and essential and for such enrichment as no other book can give. Almost every type of story interesting to children may be found within its pages. But care should be taken to give only those suited to the age of the child. For example, the story of Ruth and Boaz is beautiful for late adolescence, but would be wasted upon a child of five or six who has had nothing in his experience to help him to understand the truth of the story. For this age we would choose the stories of the baby Moses, the childhood of Samuel, of David, of Isaac, Samson, and Joseph. And perhaps above all others stands the birth and boyhood of Jesus.

As children grow into the period, spoken of for convenience as the heroic period, they are ready to enjoy such adventure stories as the travels of the people of Abraham, the fine story of Joshua, and even the story of the Queen of Sheba.

With this preparation, by the time boys and girls reach adolescence they should have an appreciation for almost any type of literature contained in the Bible. They should be ready to read it with a critical attitude—not a destructively critical attitude—but with the attitude which we assume toward any fine type of writing. We teach love of good literature by analyzing it, by pointing out its superior attributes.

THE question of the wisdom of retelling the stories always arises in presenting the Bible to children. We sometimes feel that retelling simplifies the story and in doing so often substitute common-place English for the simple but dignified phrases of the Bible. It would be difficult to improve upon the language of the story of Daniel when he cried, "O King, live forever! My God hath sent his angels and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." From a literary standpoint alone, the pure English of the King James' version cannot be improved upon.

In the story of the death of Sisera (which of course should never be given to young children, but would

*Courtesy Good Housekeeping Magazine.

"thrill" a twelve-year-old) a retold version reads: "What is that on the ground at her feet? A long, sharp pointed tent pin lies there and near it a heavy hammer. She can handle these more easily than a sword," etc. Then Joel slays Sisera with the tent pin. The Bible narrative says: "Then Joel, Hebei's wife ,took a nail of the tent and a hammer in her hand and went softly into him," etc.

There are published several modern translations of the Bible. Every person must make his own choice by comparing the versions for literary merit. A modern translation of the parable of the lost sheep reads, "Congratulate me, for I have found my lost sheep." King James' version reads, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost."

A modern translation of the nineteenth Psalm:

"The heavens are telling the glory of God,
And the sky shows forth the work of his hands."

King James' version:

"The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

Isn't this last translation more rythmical and more beautiful?

ONE of the fundamental aims in story-telling is to develop an appreciation of beautiful English, and becoming familiar with the King James' Bible will have much to do with a child's feeling for words in adult life.

Bible stories have always been important in instilling religious feeling, in moulding ideals and in helping us to understand the laws of God. G. Stanley Hall has said that the "most important factor in religious education is to *learn that the laws of God are not evadable and suspendable.* It is a great service to a child to teach him while young, as we can with Bible stories, that if he violates the laws of God he must pay the penalty.

That is one great mission of the Bible. Adolescents do not like to be preached to. Moralizing about laying a strong foundation for the future becomes tiresome to them, but the story of the house built upon the rock will remain with them as long as life lasts.

Much of the wisdom of the Bible is found in Proverbs. Many would bear memorizing, e. g.:

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father,
And forsake not the law of thy mother;
For they shall be a chaplet of grace unto thy head,
And chains about thy neck."

And:

"Wine is a mocker,
Strong drink a brawler;
And whosoever liveth thereby is not wise."

Or:

"For wisdom is better than rubies:
And all the things that may be desired are not compared unto her."

There is a touch of humor in:

"Never repeat what is told thee,
And thou shalt fare never the worse."

RELIGIOUS fiction should go along with Bible reading. There is a copyrighted legend to supplement the story of the birth of Christ, which tells how the touch of the Christ-child made a wee camel so that he would never be cross and vicious like other camels. This and many others are only stories until

experience helps us to see the truth upon which they are founded.

It is to be hoped that every boy and girl before they reach adolescence will become acquainted with "Pilgrims Progress" and Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur." "Pilgrims Progress" is never too old-fashioned to read and every person young and old should feel the spirit of reverence that Lew Wallace puts into his story of the birth of Christ.

Parents have learned that little children never doubt. Religion is an emotional thing. The time to develop religious feeling is in childhood. How well that is done will depend almost wholly upon mothers. It may be that familiarity with the truths of the Bible stories in childhood will act as a bulwark of strength at a time when our children are searching for an explanation of the problems which life presents later on.

Suggested Books

A First Bible—illustrated by Helen Sewell. Oxford University Press, $2.50. Beautifully illustrated. Large print. A good size to handle.

David—illustrated in modern style by Elizabeth Orton Jones. Macmillan Co., $1.75. This is an unusually attractive book for little children. Large illustrations with two or three lines of scripture on each page.

Parables of Jesus—S. Parkes Cadman. David McKay Company, $1.50. Valuable for mothers or teachers.

The Graphic Bible—Lewis Brown. $1.75. Macmillan Company. A very fine book which tells the Bible story briefly—gives maps which leave the reader with a much more intelligent feeling about Bible history. Every teacher should know Lewis Brown's *Graphic Bible*.

THE DESERET IS A-BLOOM

By Lydia Hall

The desert is a-bloom again,
  The skies are all aglow,
And on each shining, wasteland hill
  The sego lilies blow.

The cactus flaunts its loveliness
  Unto the arid sod,
And fragrant, slim, white Yuccas raise
  An altar unto God.

The meadow lark in rapture pours
  A rain of melody,
And sagebrush purples o'er each vale
  Of wind-swept mystery.

The golden West is calling me
  With springtime's sweet perfume;
A paradise on earth it is—
  The desert is a-bloom.

Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

CHAPTER FOUR

THE only thing we found amiss was Mrs. Richards worrying over Salle," reported one of the visiting teachers. "She went somewhere with Don Grow about two weeks ago and came home engaged. He gave her a lovely diamond. I don't know why Mrs. Richards should worry so. He has a good job and his mother certainly has money."

"How did you find the Peters family?"

"The best. He has fixed up that old place until you wouldn't know it. He is working at the ward shop —but of course you know that. It is queer that such a family would move into our ward for no reason on earth."

After the teachers had all given their reports and gone back to help with the sewing I found my thoughts going back to one sentence, the one about Salle. I tried to tell myself that she wasn't my responsibility but I knew better. Any one of my flock who was being warped from lack of work was my responsibility. There was something so lovable and so prideful about her, and her mother had asked me to help.

WE had a big day's sewing. There was a quilt for a family in need and some mending for a sick member. In the art department they were making Christmas presents. But about four o'clock I slipped away. I had suddenly resolved that mere wishing never saved any girl. If there was going to be anything done about Salle it was high time to begin. Downtown I faced Dave Holsinger across his office desk.

"Well, well, if it isn't the president of the Old Ladies' Organization. How much today?" He made a great show of jingling some coins in his pocket.

"All you'll give. Seriously, I want help, not money."

"Good. What may I do?"

I met his suspicious eye blandly. "You told me some time ago you were having trouble with an office girl. What did you do about her?"

"She solved the problem by getting married."

"Have you replaced her?"

The man looked at me shrewdly. "Not exactly, but I have some one in mind who will be free in another week or two. I hope you aren't going to ask me to take an inexperienced girl."

"That is just what I was going to ask."

"Can't do it, Dona. Sorry."

"Let me tell you about her. It is Salle Richards. About four years ago her father died and left them practically penniless. She was on the highest honor roll all through high school. Her grades in business training were above average."

"Then why isn't she working?"

"Salle's personality is against her. No, no, don't decide until I explain." I tried to make him see how capable and really fine she was under her wall of defiance. I ended by saying, "I believe good work that supports her pride would kill her martyr complex and put her on equal footing with other girls. Meeting people every day as she would here would

cure her fear of social situations."

The lines of habitual good nature faded from the man's face. He drummed on his desk.

"All I ask is that you give her a chance."

Again the man hesitated. "It is against our policy."

I did not answer for I did not want to use too much pressure. But in my heart I felt he just had to hire her. Salle must have her chance before it was too late.

"All right." He brought his fist down on his desk. "All right. I will try her. Send her up."

Now I could laugh with relief. "Oh, no. You do not get away that easily. She must never know I had anything to do with it. That would be the Relief Society helping her and would defeat the very purpose of giving her work. She must be hired in the regular way."

"I have let myself into something. You are mighty particular about how you receive a favor. Would you object to Tim telling her we need a girl? Being in the store he would hear such things, and he sees her often enough."

Now that it was settled I felt an inclination to weep. It was almost too good to be true.

"Some day you will be thankful you have done this. We are none of us through life yet and may need help ourselves some day."

Afterward I remembered the sort of baffled look that came over his face when I said that. That he was not happy in his home was evident. How could he be with Gloria so ingrossed in trivial things and he in his business and each trying to find recompense for the other's lack of interest.

"What they need is a child to unite them," and immediately upon saying it I thought, "some day I might be able to help them."

ON the way home I stopped to talk with Tim. He promised to see that Salle heard about the opening but his answer was short and preoccupied. Was there something bothering him or was it my imagination? Tim certainly was not himself. We seldom went places together any more.

"You go and I will stay with the children," was his ever ready excuse. He was tired anyway and it would save hiring some one to be with them. Then he was so indifferent about his ward teaching and other things.

"If I make a living I must stay with my business. Now, please let me do it in my own way." After that there was nothing I could do but watch and pray. I tried to look at the problem impersonally. Was I to blame? Where was I failing? Was I giving so much time to Relief Society that I was neglecting my own? I had heard women discuss the breach that inevitably widens between man and woman as they grow older and their interests change. It was held to be inevitable but I could not have that happen to us. I must not lose the companionship of my Timothy.

WHEN I reached home I called Gloria Holsinger and the voice that came back over the wire was as one that had never known care.

"Before long I am going to need a lovely sport dress, and shoes. How about a raid on your wardrobe?"

"Has Tim ceased providing for you or are you going out for a handsomer man?"

"Neither, just now. They are to be ready in case of emergency."

"Come and see what I have."

Then a week later in answer to the telephone's ring Denise said, "It's for you, Mother, and she sounds 'cited."

It was Mrs. Richards. She hard-

ly waited for my "yes" before she exclaimed,

"That you Sister Maylord? I wanted to talk to you about Salle. She has a chance to get the best job down town. Just what she has been waiting for, but she won't take it now that she has a chance. I wish you would talk to her. She would listen to you."

My hopes sank. How like Salle to upset the apple cart just when we had it nicey loaded. I lost patience.

"Why does she refuse to take it?"

"She says she hasn't any clothes to wear in such a place. It is a real nice place, Sister Maylord, and good pay, but all she has is her blue silk that has been washed a time or two. It is lovely and clean but doesn't suit her. Could you come over?"

"No." I had anticipated this and was relieved that it was nothing worse. "To beg her to go would be humiliating to both of us. Salle is old enough to do her own deciding, but if she wants to come over I might help her solve the clothes problem."

IT was perhaps two hours later when I opened my front door to admit a defiant, expectant Salle. With irritating nonchalance she twisted a blazon ring that circled her left third finger.

"Mother told me," she began without preamble, and there was none of the friendliness of her last visit in her voice, "that you might help me."

Her tone nettled me. In her determination to protect her own pride she disregarded the feelings of others. I answered her in the same tone.

"It depends on how badly you want help. I think it the height of silliness, if silliness has any height, to refuse to take work because of the lack of a dress. In a week you could buy one."

The girl's words turned icy. "And in a week have myself classed." Why, the poor child was nearly to cry in spite of her tone. I softened.

"You put the full responsibility on clothes, Salle. They are important but not nearly as important as the girl."

"But I could never be myself in this old dress. I'd be awkward and self-conscious and afraid to talk to anyone."

"I think I understand. Suppose you come with me."

I led the half-reluctant girl into my bedroom where I opened a closet and took from it a blue and tan knit dress. I held it up before her slightly-veiled eagerness.

"This has never been worn in this town and only twice elsewhere. Try it on."

She made no move to touch it. "I couldn't accept a gift like that from anyone."

"Who said I was giving it to you? I am trying to sell it for someone who cannot wear it."

"I shan't have any money until my first pay day."

"Try it on."

The girl touched the dress for the first time. She held it up against her and looked in the mirror.

"It is beautiful," she whispered, "simply beautiful—but with these shoes."

That reminded me. Into the closet I went again and brought out a pair of blue and tan suede shoes. I held my breath for getting them had been a real feat; Gloria's had been too small by far. At sight of them Salle breathed swiftly.

"Try them on."

Hastily then, trembling with eagerness, she slipped out of the old blue dress. Kicking aside her shoes she put her feet into the new ones. They were a perfect fit. I breathed naturally once more for in her eager-

ness Salle had failed to note the remarkable fact. The dress was a trifle wide but could be blocked to her size. I pinned up a seam to show her how it would look.

"There—it will fit perfectly."

"It needs to be shortened an inch."

"Then no one will guess it wasn't bought for you."

SALLE looked again in the mirror and what she saw there brought quickly checked tears to her eyes. It was a different girl than she had ever faced before. Not the dress and shoes alone but the knowledge of possessing them had brought light and power to her face. It was a pleasing girl, a striking girl, a girl vibrant with life and ability who smiled so confidently from the glass. I ached with the joy that swept through me.

"You beautiful creature," I cried impulsively. "Make that terrible pride your ally and go conquer the world."

Turning Salle gave me a swift kiss; then changing clothes she ran out toward work and a future.

"Mother," Denise called, "Daddy telephoned while you were in there and said he would not be home to dinner."

(*To be continued*)

THE SEGO LILY

By Alice R. Rich

Sweet native lily of the Western plains
To us you are a sacred flower. Your smile
Gave promise that the wastelands afterwhile,
Held harvest hope for earnest toil and pains
Of Pioneers who trekked uncharted ways,
To find a home. Your dainty flower cup
Of creamy petals, outward curved, looks up
To drink night's dews and warmth of sunny days.
Your dainty markings, soft as velvet down,
Blend into yellow gold from richest brown,
In depths of loveliness. Your slender stem
And dainty leaves crown you a flower gem.

Bloom on, Sego Lily! Emblem true
Of purity, fair Utah honors you.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JULY—Sweet blessed peace does summer bring
When flowers bloom and thrushes sing.

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD, first woman cabinet member in Great Britain, who visited Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins last spring, was received by Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House. Even an English Peeress might easily be thrilled into forgetfulness of her mission with a glimpse into the magnificent blue room with its enameled wainscoting and walls hung with blue silk brocatelle; window draperies of the same, embroidered with gold, above which are poised golden American eagles; the white marble mantle dating from 1792, on which rests the clock decorated with a figure of Minerva said to have been given to George Washington by Lafayette.

MRS. HARRIMAN, U. S. Minister to Norway, is trying to interest American women in a cooperative homecraft project of glove knitting for the market, as carried on in Norway.

DOROTHY THOMPSON, newspaper woman, was last May awarded a gold medal for distinguished service to humanity by the National Institute of Social Sciences.

MARY SIMKHOVITCH'S "Neighborhood — My Story of Greenwich House," is essentially an autobiography, not unlike Jane Addams' "Twenty Years in Hull House" and of equal interest to welfare workers.

MME. PROCHNIK, socialite wife of the Ex-Austrian Envoy, has quickly adjusted her social status and opened a smart lingerie shop in Washington. She is noted as one of the most chic of Capitol women and an expert designer.

MARGARET SHARP'S "The Flowering Thorn," "A Child In Her Arms" by Louise R. Peattie, "The Moon Is Making" by Storm Jameson, are all fascinating and worth while books of the late spring.

MARIE KRAMER of New York says the success in hotel management is just a question of good housekeeping. She lately purchased a 28 story building for the purpose of running a friendly hotel.

ELIZABETH LION, French aviatrix, in her flight from France to Persia last May broke the long distance women's record established by the late Amelia Earhart. Miss Lion flew 2,670 miles without a stop.

JANE CANNON STEWART of Utah, wife of Dr. Julian Stewart, ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institute, will assist her husband in research work among the Indian tribes in South America.

MRS. HENRY ALVAH HALL recently laid the cornerstone of the new Hall of Government which she has given to George Washington University as a tribute to her son.

BERTITA HARDING'S new novel "Farewell Toinette" is a charming romance about the ill-fated Hapsburg Princess who became Queen of France.

Notes to the Field

Theology Department

IN the scriptural project on the New Testament the women of Relief Society have attained a degree of familiarity with the writings of the New Testament. In the first two lessons on "The Ministry of the Ancient Apostles," the material is largely concerned with the background of the Mediterranean world at the time these writings were produced.

"Until we understand the New Testament writings as products of their time we do not understand them at all. They belong to the history of the early church and it is there we must look for them if we would see them alive."—*Getting Acquainted with the New Testament,* by Eakin.

These first lessons should enable the women to orient themselves in the ancient thought world which formed the background of New Testament history and literature.

In the back of many good-sized Bibles are maps of Palestine and the Roman Empire at the time of the ancient apostles. If the class leader desires a map large enough for the class room, the following are obtainable at the Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City:

1. New Testament Palestine with the journeys of Jesus clearly shown.
2. The Roman Empire showing Paul's journeys, with each marked clearly so that it can be easily followed.

Each map is 22x28 inches in size and the price is 75c each.

Visiting Teacher Department

The discourse by Alma recorded in Alma 32, 33, 34 may be profitably read in connection with the first Visiting Teacher Message on faith.

Literary Department—The Value of the Novel

IT is fortunate that in the last few decades the taboo against novel reading has been removed. We are learning to appreciate good fiction. In the novel new vistas may be opened to our minds—new insight into the lives and thoughts of others. Through the novel we learn much that history does not reveal of the customs of people whom we may never have the privilege of meeting. To one who would become well informed and socially aware, but whose opportunities for travel and varied associations are limited, reading good fiction offers an excellent substitute. There are many intelligent people who are unlearned but no intelligent person wants to remain so. Novels record the events of human life, and whatever deals with humanity should be of interest to mankind. By the magic touch of an inspired pen one may be carried on the most delightful flights of fancy. As time is an important factor, one must use wisdom in one's choice of reading material. There are plenty of good books to choose from, but remember that *only the best is good enough!* Aside from the educational and cultural advantages of good reading, there is the pleasure one obtains from an acquaintance with romantic fiction. The characters often become very enjoyable friends. We can laugh at their foibles without giving offense. We can rejoice in their happiness and mourn with them in their sorrows without becoming emotionally disturbed. Their very silence is soothing. When we need their company they are at hand. They take no offense when they are

put aside for more desirable companionship.

Altogether, the benefits to be gained from reading good novels can scarcely be estimated. In these days one does not need a college education to be well read, well bred, and well educated.

Social Service Department

EVERYBODY likes to do good. Much stress is placed upon the members of the Relief Society regarding doing good to others, to their neighbors, in solving community problems, and in other ways. Much has been accomplished by this organization. We are confident that you will continue doing all the good you can everywhere. This year the Social Service lessons will call our attention to some personal problems. It is desired that every member give heed to these lessons and earnestly endeavor to improve herself. We all have habits that need revision. Let us conscientiously take some undesirable habit and overcome it by substituting one that is sure to effect an improvement in our own personality.

Work and Business Department

WHERE the stakes desire to carry on "The Selection and Preparation of Food for Proper Nutrition" it is suggested that they will receive help from the May Magazine as to instructions and divisions of responsibility.

It is also suggested that each Work and Business stake leader contact her own state board of health and the agricultural colleges for additional material on these subjects. Libraries, current magazines and newspapers will also be profitable sources of information.

The General Board in no way is sponsoring any particular firm or brand of food. *The Consumer's Guide,* a bi-monthly Government bulletin, will be mailed free of charge by addressing: Editor, Consumer's Guide, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Much splendid information on most of the topics can be found in *Consumers' Problems Manual,* 15c. Address, Justin C. Stewart, 123 State Capitol, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The following are suggestive sources of information on the nine monthly topics for discussion:

The Balanced Diet

(Vitamins, minerals, calories, etc.)

1. The Weston-Levine Vitamin Chart. 10c. Roe E. Remington, 280 Calhoun St., Charleston, So. Carolina.
2. Food Value Chart & Vitamin Chart. Vitex Laboratories Inc., 1st and Essex Sts., Harrison, N. J.
3. Calories, Vtiamins and Minerals, by Mary P. Huddleson. 20c. Salt Lake Tribune. S. L. City, Ut.
4. Diets to Fit the Family Income. 5c. Supt. of Documents, Wash., D. C.
5. The Vitamin Primer. 5c. The Ladies Home Journal, Reference Dept., Phil., Pa.
6. Vitamin Content of Foods. 15c. Supt. of Documents, Wash., D. C.
7. Vitamins in Common Foods. Kansas State College, Manhattan, Kansas.

Dairy Products

1. Dairy Products. 2½c. Household Finance Co., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
2. Food Guide Bulletin, Nutrition Bulletin No. 24, Milk Bulletin No. 1. Utah State Board of Health, Bureau of Maternal and Child Welfare, 130 State Capitol, S. L. C., Utah.
3. 150 New Ways to Serve Ice Cream. National Dairy Products Co., 120 Broadway, N. Y. C., N. Y.
4. The Romance of Cheese. Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp., 400 Rush St., Chicago, Illinois.
5. Milk for the Family. 5c. Supt. of Documents, Wash., D. C.

Cereals and Grain Products

1. Set of Home Economics. Materials. Kelloggs, Battle Creek, Mich.
2. Blackboard Lessons on Food. Wheat Flour Institute, 309 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.
3. The Wheat Grain Tells You Its Story. National Biscuit Company, 459 West 14th Street, N. Y. City, N. Y.
4. Homemade Bread, Cake and Pastry. 10c. Supt. of Documents, Wash., D. C.

Fats and Sugars

1. Food, Fats and Oils. 2½c. Household Finance Co., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
2. Honey and Some of its Uses. 5c. Supt. of Documents, Wash, D. C.

Meats

Series No.

1. Cooking Beef According to the Cut 17L
   Lamb As You Like It 28L
   Pork in Preferred Ways 45L
   Cooking Cured Pork 81L
   Meat Dishes at Low Cost.....216MP
   Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.
2. How to Buy Meats for Home Consumption. General Electric Company, Specialty Appliance Division, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.
3. Buying and Using the Less Expensive Cuts of Beef. 3c. Woman's Home Companion, Home Service Center, 250 Park Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
4. Meat. 2½c. Household Finance Corporation, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
5. Heinz Book of Meat Cookery. 10c. H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
6. How to Can Meat, Game and Poultry. Ball Bros. Co., Muncie, Ind.
7. Star Beef Chart. Armour & Co., Chicago, Illinois.
8. Meat Selection and Cookery Guide. 3c. Ten Lessons on Meat. 10c. Nat'l Livestock & Meat Board, 407 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Eggs

1. Eggs at Any Meal. 5c. Supt. of Documents, Wash., D. C.
2. Poultry, Eggs and Fish. 2½c. Household Finance Co., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
3. How to Buy Eggs. The Modern Homemaker, McCalls, Dayton, Ohio.

Vegetables

1. Permanent Fruit and Vegetable Gardens, No. 1242. A Fruit and Vegetable Buying Guide for Consumers by R. G. Hill, 5c, No. 167. Conserving Food Value, Flavor and Attractiveness in Cooking Vegetables, 5c, No. 265. Home Storage of Vegetables, 5c, No. 679. Supt. of Documents, Washington, D. C.
2. Fruits and Vegetables. 2½c. Household Finance Co., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
3. More About Canned Foods for the Home Economist. American Can Company, 230 Park Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
4. How To Can Fruits and Vegetables. Ball Bros. Co., Muncie, Ind.
5. 227 Tested Recipes for Canned Foods. National Canners Assoc., Wash., D. C.

Fruits

1. Facts About Pineapple and Pineapple Juice. Hawaiian Pineapple Co., 215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.
2. Bananas. United Fruit Co., Home Econ. Dept., Pier 3. North River, N. Y., N. Y.
3. Peach Recipe Book. Calif. Peach Canning Inc., 64 Pine St., San Francisco, Calif.

Serving Food Attractively

1. Appetizers and Such, No. 436. 5c. Better Homes and Gardens, Meredith Pub. Co., Des Moines, Iowa.
2. Appetizing Appetizers. 3c. Ladies Home Journal, Reference Library, Philadelphia, Pa.

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund General Secretary

VERA PLANT
Boise Stake

Boise Stake

THE above picture is of Sister Vera Plant, a resident of Ontario Ward, Oregon, in the Boise Stake. The message she gives, the example she lives, is of special significance to Relief Society women everywhere. Looking at this photograph, one would not judge that Sister Plant has been confined to a wheel chair for seventeen years, a victim of the dread infantile paralysis. During all this time she has never been idle. A talented artist, expert in handcraft, she is always busy and has done most of her own housework. Coming from a family of distinguished Americans she has the fine trait of zeal to serve others. She is very active in Relief Society work and has had charge of the quilt making, completing eleven quilts in one year.

North Sevier

THE included picture is from the North Sevier Stake. This is an expression of the great interest which was manifest by this progressive stake in the Literary course during the past year.

"Star of the West" made a great appeal and the lesson enrichment suggested in the Magazine proved to be very helpful. The women dressed in costume as shown in the picture and sang Indian songs. The increased attendance at Relief Society meetings indicates the great interest in the Relief Society courses. Increased attendance is but one of the many fine things accomplished by these courses.

NORTH SEVIER STAKE
Literary Department Activity

NEW ZEALAND MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE

New Zealand Mission

A MOST interesting account of the work in the New Zealand Mission comes from Sister Elva Cowley who pays a fine tribute to the Saints in this mission and the beautiful country in which they live. The accompanying picture is of the Relief Society sisters attending the Hui Tau (Conference) which Sister Cowley describes in detail.

"The Relief Society convened at 8:30 a. m. Sunday morning, with 167 women representing the different branch organizations throughout the island. The secretary said it was the largest attendance at a Hui Tau in the history of the mission.

"The program was well organized and carried out in a systematic manner with the Mission Relief Society President, Sister Pare Takana, presiding, and Sister Ani L. Kamau conducting. Although many of the Maori women speak and understand English, they use their native tongue to express themselves in speech, which necessitated one of the sisters interpreting for me. I enjoyed every minute whether I got every word or not for they are fluent speakers, never hesitating for a word nor using a note."

Very interesting and helpful talks were given on child guidance, evils of smoking, spiritual and physical cleanliness, as well as general instructions on the conduct of Relief Society work. A splendid art exhibit was held in connection with the Conference and a pageant "Cornelia" was beautifully presented.

It has been a rare opportunity for the Saints to have a visit from Elder George Albert Smith and Brother Rufus K. Hardy who have toured the mission. With the fine cooperation from the resident sisters and Sister Cowley's trained and enthusiastic leadership the work of Relief Society will reach its high objectives.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 1

The Mediterranean World in the Days of the Apostles

Helpful References

H. E. Dana, *The New Testament World,* pp. 126-162. (Second Ed., Pioneer Publishing Co., Fort Worth, Texas. 1928.) Dana's book will be found the best single practical reference for this and the following lesson. This book is now out of print. Some second-hand copies may possibly be obtained at Blessing Book Stores, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

B. W. Robinson, *The Life of Paul,* pp. 5-24. (University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill. 1918.) Note the list of supplementary readings on p. 24. If you have access to a library some of the books mentioned will probably be available.

J. P. Smyth, *The Story of St. Paul's Life and Letters,* pp. 8-14. (James Pott & Co., New York. 1921.)

T. G. Tucker, *Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul,* pp. 16-29, 238-259. (The Macmillan Co., New York. 1911.) A very readable work by a great classical scholar. Valuable to those persons who wish an intimate view of Roman life in the days of the apostles. Consult good library.

The World into Which the Apostles Came.—The apostles of Christ came into a world already old. Many civilizations had risen, flourished, decayed and fallen around the Mediterranean Sea long before they appeared on the scene. The great nations of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria and Persia had played their parts on the world's stage and had departed. The influence of Greece was still wonderfully felt in the days of the apostles, but her glory had departed as a nation. Rome was now the great world power. All of the civilized peoples of northern Africa, western Asia and southern Europe were under the political sway of the Romans.

Travel by Land in the Roman Empire.—The Roman Empire has been variously estimated as containing from fifty to seventy-five millions of peoples of many nationalities, speaking many different tongues and possessing varied customs. These people were of differing degrees of culture and advancement. It is a remarkable commentary on the Romans that they were bringing the world to a state of peace and order. They built wonderful roads, fostered commerce and travel, made intercourse safe and easy between most parts of the empire, often protected the Christian missionaries from the fury of mobs. The traveler would find milestones in the shape of short pillars near the highway on which he traveled. Guidebooks and charts were common. They gave all information necessary such as distances, stopping-places, inns, and even told about the sights most worth seeing while on the journey. Professional guides were available in most places of special interest such as Egypt, Syria and Greece. Travelers rode on asses, mules and horses or took their ease in two or four-wheeled vehicles, depending on

their circumstances. According to Professor Tucker "the rich man, traveling, as he necessarily would, with a train of servants and with full appliances for his comfort, would journey in a coach, painted and gilded, cushioned and curtained, drawn by a team showily caparisoned with rich harness and coloured cloths." It was not unusual for people to travel seventy to one hundred miles a day. Special couriers often traveled one hundred and fifty miles in one day.

Travel By Sea.—The amount of travel by sea was remarkable. Vessels were often of a good size, ranging from 500 tons up to 1100 or more. In dimensions they were often 200 feet long and 50 broad. Paul the Apostle speaks of his ship carrying 276 passengers (Acts 27: 37) and Josephus mentions a ship on which he traveled that carried 600 persons. Certain war vessels could carry as high as a thousand soldiers. Freight of from 250 to 1,500 tons was carried by vessels plying the seas. Regular sailing lines were established. The ancient apostles would have no trouble making their way about the Mediterranean world by water. Shipwrecks were not uncommon, as they always were in the days of sailing vessels. But the relative ease of travel was a great advantage in spreading the Gospel.

An Intimate View of Roman Life.—The Roman world of that day had its morning newspapers, its trade unions, its loan sharks, its war-profiteers, its Socialistic agitators, its complaint about the decay of the middle classes and the falling birth-rate, its crowded cities and depopulated countryside, its fully organized credit and banking systems. It has been pointed out that practically every comfortable villa of the first century A. D. had a hot-air heating system. It is a well-known fact that their vices were nearly the same as in our own age. They were gambling, luxury, and a mad rush for wealth, together with appalling sexual immorality and a degrading idleness among the very rich and the very poor. They had their professional athletes and actors who earned fabulous sums, they had their comic artists and cartoonists, they had their horse-races and betting on horses, they had public libraries in every moderately large town (the donor's names were duly recorded), and their book, art and curio-collectors. Universities were in existence in certain key cities that attracted students from all parts of the Roman world. There were itinerant lecturers aplenty and even "honorary" degrees were awarded. The dictation of letters was nearly as common in the first century as today and at least three different systems of shorthand were in vogue.

Social Revolution in the First Century.—The first century was one of social revolution. The Roman nobles had lost their wealth and prestige and the grumbling of the "common people" was bringing about a social upheaval. Scarcely two generations after Christ's death hundreds of thousands of unemployed burst into Rome and surrounded the imperial palace howling for bread.

Roman Princes and Freedmen.—Roman princes and senators were forbidden by law to increase their fortunes by commerce. Honest toil was despised by them. The noble class were often obliged by reason of extravagant tastes and the cost of holding public office to promise freedom to their slaves in return for carrying on financial plans more energetically. Many of these freedmen became wealthy captains of industry. Their gorgeous banquets and excessive orgies in which they

displayed their vulgarity and ignorance wor them the ill-will of the cultured poor and the titled nobility.

Poverty Widespread in the Roman World.—Most of the freedmen with whom the early Christians worked were not wealthy. The proportion of poor to rich was much higher in the days of the apostles than it is today. Poverty was more widespread than now, and it has been pointed out that for the first time in history the poor man had become dangerous.

Corporations and Monopolies.—Corporations and monopolies had such control of foodstuffs that some fifty years before Christ nearly 300,000 persons had to be fed by the State in order to survive. Politicians courted the favor of citizens by promising gifts of foodstuffs and free shows.

Religious Tolerance of the Romans.—With all their failings the Romans were tolerant for the most part in matters of religion. They recognized the value of religion and were wise enough not to interfere with it in the countries they conquered, provided their own civil requirements were observed.

Roman Rule in the Provinces.—The Romans were quite generally wise and generous in their administration of conquered states. They did not interfere with laws and customs already established so far as these were compatible with the rule of Rome. Some provinces were governed by vassal kings, who were subject to Rome and paid a certain tribute. The Herods of the New Testament are good examples of this custom. Generally a Roman governor was appointed directly from Rome by either the Senate or the Emperor. These governors were charged with keeping the province in subjection to Rome, collecting taxes, and administering justice wherever a matter concerned Roman law. Local courts tried violators of local laws. A defendant might appeal directly to Rome if he was a Roman citizen. It was under this provision that Paul appealed to Caesar.

Greece the Roman Schoolmaster.—In the days of the apostles Greece had long been a province of Rome. But the Romans recognized that the Greeks were their intellectual and artistic superiors. The result was that the Greeks became the schoolmasters to Rome. "The entire first century world went to school to Hellas—and the world has not yet quit going to school to Hellas." It is no exaggeration to say, "Greece captive led enthralled her captor." The Greeks contributed mightily not only to Rome but to our own western culture as well. What would philosophy, art, literature and science have been without the clear-thinking Greeks?

Greek Language and Literature in the Roman World.—When Alexander the Great went forth to conquer, the Greek language was planted in most of the countries he subdued. It became the chief medium of expression in the eastern Mediterranean basin. Rich in vocabulary and capable of expressing accurately subtle distinctions in thought it became a popular tongue. When the Romans conquered Greece they carried the Greek language back with them to the West. It became the chief literary medium and was a commonly spoken tongue even in imperial Rome. When the apostles and other Christian missionaries carried the Gospel to the West they could make themselves understood almost anywhere they chose to go because of their knowledge of Greek. The spread of this richly expressive language would seem almost providen-

tial. Greek was one of the chief languages in Palestine and it appears almost certain that Christ and most of his apostles knew something about it even though their ordinary means of expression was Aramaic. At any rate the Gospel of John takes it for granted that the knowledge of Greek was common in Galilee. Pilate, Felix, and Festus, the representatives of the Roman government, seem to have used it, for the Palestinian inscriptions referring to the Roman Emperors, when of a non-military nature, were written mostly in Greek. Josephus tells us that it was only in the army that the Latin language ruled supreme.

The Greeks had a wonderful literary tradition. The beauty of Greek literature has had, and still has, great influence upon the literature of even our own day. It should not surprise us, therefore, to find that Greek literature was supreme in the Roman world. Cultivated minds were familiar with Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as a matter of course, and the poems of such men as Theognis, Pindar, Bacchylides, Alcaeus, Sappho and Simonides, as well as the historical prose productions of Thucydides, Herodotus and Xenophon were widely read; Greek works on rhetoric and oratory would also be well known. Among good thinkers the works of Plato, Aristotle, Anaximander, Pythagoras and other Greek philosophers would be much sought after and studied. We cannot help but feel that the ancient apostles would make themselves somewhat acquainted with the literature and thought of their day. Certainly the apostle Paul could hold the attention of cultured Athenians so long as he did not offend by speaking on the doctrine of the resurrection. There is some evidence from the New Testament that Paul was familiar with certain Greek writers. (Acts 17:28; 1 Cor. 15:33; Tit. 1:12.)

From what we have already pointed out it will be seen how important it is to know something of the world in which the apostles moved if we are to understand their work and ministry.

Questions and Problems

(Deal only with as many as time will permit.)

1. In what ways was the Roman government an aid to the spread of the Gospel in the days of the apostles?

2. Compare methods of travel in the age of the apostles with those in vogue among our pioneer forefathers.

3. Compare Roman life with that in our own age.

4. Can you make some interesting comparisons between the social revolution of the First Century and that in our country in the past few years?

5. Name as many elements in our civilization as you can for which we are indebted to the Greeks.

6. What problems would confront the ancient apostles due to the widespread poverty?

Pronouncing Vocabulary

Theognis—thē ŏg′ nĭs
Pindar—pĭn′dàr
Bacchylides—bă kĭl′ ĭ dēz
Alcaeus—ăl sē′ ŭs
Sappho—săf′ ō
Simonides—sī mŏn′ ĭ dēz
Herodotus—hē rŏd′ ô tŭs
Zenophon—zĕn′ ô phŏn
Plato—plā′ tō
Aristotle—ăr′ ĭs tŏt′ l
Anaximander—ăn ăk′ sĭ măn′ der
Pythagoras—pĭ thăg′ ô rȧs
Thucydides—thū sĭd′ ĭ dēz

Visiting Teacher Department

Messages to the Home

No. I.—Faith

"Jesus answered and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but, also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done."—Matt. 21:21.

MENTAL health, powerful character and desirable personality are sought by every individual. Faith creates a healthy emotional attitude and is a source of true greatness in attaining these. One must have faith in his own ability, faith in the value of his task, faith in his fellowmen and faith in a supreme power. The perfect personality has these faiths.

Faith as Jesus taught it can be applied to the production of healthy personalities. He taught an intelligent faith in self which is aware of danger and adjusts to it, but without fear. He taught a faith in fellowman which does not close its eyes to faults but recognizes the highest potentialities. He taught a faith in God—the Eternal Father.

Peter desired to do the things the Master did. During the time that he had faith in the Master and was confident, he possessed the power to do the things which the Master did, even to overcoming the law of gravity and walking on the water. When doubt entered his mind, faith departed and with it that power which ever accompanies faith was lost, and Peter sank.

While we have confidence in self and faith in the Master we have power to rise above the sea of earthly troubles; our characters are strong, our personalities healthy.

Each person has within himself the possibility of developing this power of faith. It is a plant of slow growth. The seed must be planted consciously and nurtured carefully if we are to expect the tree to attain maturity and bear fruit.

1. Give illustrations of faith in self as taught by Jesus.

2. Give illustrations of how faith in God has increased power.

3. Explain the relationship of faith to personality.

Visiting Teachers are to call attention to Theology, Literary and Social Service lessons, also Work and Business programs as planned by your ward.

Literature

THE ADVANCE OF THE NOVEL

Lesson 1

The Beginnings of the English Novel

Definitions of a Novel

(Gathered by Prof. J. M. Jensen)

"A novel is an interpretation of human life by means of fictitious narrative in prose." — Ernest A. Baker, English writer.

"The novel is a picture of real life and manners, and of the times of which it is written. It gives a familiar relation of such things as pass every day before our eyes, such as may happen to our friend or to

ourselves; and the perfection of it is to represent every scene in so easy and natural a manner and to make it appear so probable as to deceive into a persuasion (at least while we are reading) that all is real, until we are affected by the joys or distresses of the persons in the story as if they were our own."—Clara Reever, early English novelist.

"A novel is a record of emotion."—Francis Hovey Stoddard, Professor at New York University.

"The novel may be thought of as a prose fiction, regularly over forty thousand words long, so planned that characters, dialogue, and setting will fuse with all the skill the author can muster in the telling."—Grant C. Knight, University of Kentucky.

During this and the lessons which are to follow, a study will be made of the beginning and advance of the novel. Nearly everybody reads more or less and in our day. Among the choicest of our reading materials are the novels which have poured and which are still pouring from our printing presses. If that is the case, it is well that we should learn what we can about the beginning and the development of this form of creative writing.

Perhaps it would be well to speak further of definitions, even though they are always difficult and we can never say exactly what we mean.

What is a novel, then?

We shall make no attempt to draw fine distinctions, but will suggest distinguishing features of this favorite form of literature.

In the first place, a novel is a long story dealing usually with situations, characters, and complications. Novels vary in length, but we usually think of them, as was indicated in one of Professor Jensen's definitions, as being forty or fifty thousand up to several hundred thousand words in length. If stories are shorter than forty thousand, they are usually referred to as short novels or novelettes.

For the reason that all long stories are not novels it may be well to limit our definition still further. Two broad classes into which we may divide longer works of fiction are romances and novels. We must not forget, however, that the line between these two forms is so indistinct and so indefinite that often it fades away entirely and we find one good critic calling a story a novel at the same time that another equally good is calling it a romance. The extremes in both fields, however, are rather easily recognized.

As I remember, it was Fred Lewis Pattee who gave voice to this statement which may be helpful: The romancer sits down to write what he has to tell; the novelist, to write what he thinks or has to say.

William Lyon Phelps, in our text, says upon this subject: "It is somewhat unfortunate, in discussing the history of English prose fiction, that we cannot make a sharp distinction between the words 'romance' and 'novel.' We ought to mean by 'romance' a story where the chief interest lies not in the characters, but in the events; as, for example, *Quentin Durward*. By the word 'novel' we should denote a story where the principal stress falls not in the succession of incidents, but on the development of the characters; an excellent illustration would be *The Mill On The Floss.*"

Professor Phelps, however, goes on to point out the difficulty in making such a distinction as he suggests by stating that many a man has fused the two forms so well that it would be improper to label his product as either. *"Henry Esmond,"* Professor Phelps states, "if a secret ballot could be taken, might possibly be voted the greatest work of fiction in the

English language . . . " and yet he intimates that *Henry Esmond* is hardly a romance and hardly a novel either.

The reader will remember, then, that the term "novel" is a rather loose one designating long prose fiction in which the emphasis is on the character development and the interrelations of the characters rather than on the incidents. If one would sit down and write the story of his own life or that of his father or mother as it unfolded, emphasizing those things which directed character growth, he probably would have a novel when he finished. If he should sit down and write the same story emphasizing what the characters *did* rather than what they *were,* he would most likely have a romance. It must not be forgotten that the distinction, in any case, is difficult and in some cases impossible.

There are things of which we can be certain, however. If one is to lay claim to artistic culture and is to enjoy his priceless literary heritage, one must know something of the world's great literature and especially of his own. Americans, of course, are rightful heirs to the English tradition in literature.

The English novel, as we think of it today, had its beginning back in the beginning of the eighteenth century. It was really a tale of adventure, but because of the author's method it might well be called a novel as it is called by no less a person than Professor Phelps and by many other critics.

"The first English novel is still one of the most popular—*Robinson Crusoe,* by Daniel Defoe, published in 1719," says Phelps.

This long story of the fortunes of a rather incorrigible young man who ran away from home and went to sea, is the forerunner of many other stories which followed a little later.

To Samuel Richardson, another Englishman and contemporary of Defoe, goes the distinction of having written the first analytical or psychological novel. Richardson wrote as his first book a long novel called *Pamela,* a tale written entirely in the form of letters. This first book of his was followed by volume two of the same story and by other well-known novels such as *Clarissa Harlow* and *Sir Charles Grandison.*

Henry Fielding, Tobias George Smollett, and Laurence Sterne were three other Englishmen living about the same time as Defoe and Richardson, who set the English novel well on its way in three great books known to all casual students of English literature: *Tom Jones, Roderick Random,* and *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.*

"Prose fiction dates well before the eighteenth century," says Abel Chevalley in his book *The Modern English Novel,* "but the English novel goes back no further than that century. Before Defoe, all writing comprised under this name seems to have been imported from abroad. It was not until after Defoe, when Richardson and Fielding had published their books, that England, having patented her goods—if one may so express it—began to export and to conquer; and in her turn distributed over the world the new literary type that she had developed."

Daniel Defoe was born in London, the son of a butcher, in 1661. His father's name was Foe, but Daniel added the prefix De to give the name a little better sound. He is said to have been one of England's most prolific writers, being given credit for being England's first journalist in the modern sense and the author of the interview and the special editorial.

In 1702 Defoe published an article which caused him to be placed in the pillory and later in Newgate prison where he associated with criminals and adventurers who had been in all parts of the world. It is thought that from them he gathered much of the material which he later placed in his novels which he wrote with great rapidity even though he was more than forty-five years of age when he began upon them. He died in 1731, "a real or fancied fugitive from the public."

The English novel with Defoe, got started upon its glorious trail toward the stars. According to Professor Phelps, if Defoe had never written his masterpiece, *Robinson Crusoe,* he would still be the first novelist among English people. *Pamela,* by Richardson, is often referred to as the first novel, but as has been inferred, it was so named by those who make a sharp division between romance and the realistic novel. In this course, we are not doing that; we are following more or less the easy trail marked out by Professor Phelps.

Suggestions

1. Read chapters I and II, "The Advance of the English Novel," by William Lyon Phelps. Read also, if it should happen to be available, *Development of the English Novel,* by W. L. Cross, (Macmillan), or any other such book that may be at hand.

2. Give some definitions of a novel. It may be that you can think of a better one than any given here.

3. Comment upon the first sentence found in chapter two of the *Advance of the English Novel*: "The men of Queen Anne brought prose fiction from heaven or hell to earth, and gave us the novel." The men of Queen Anne were Defoe, Richardson, Smollett, etc.

4. Perhaps class members could be assigned the pleasant task of presenting briefly the lives of two of our first novelists:

(1) Defoe. (2) Richardson.

Sketches could be found in any library and in some school texts and encyclopedias.

Social Service

Lesson 1

Habit Formation and Revision

I. *The Lesson in a Nutshell.* A large part of each day's activities consists of habitual acts which have been repeated in a certain way so often that they "carry themselves along" with very little conscious direction. Habit is a great principle of economy: it saves conscious effort for those tasks which require deliberation. Habits are of many kinds: (1) social habits, (2) intellectual habits, (3) emotional habits, (4) nervous habits, (5) physiological habits, and (6) motor habits or skills.

Habits grow out of incentives or needs. To build a new habit or to break an old one is possible only by revising our incentives and needs, then by analysis of our efforts in the new direction, and finally by enlightened practice. The lesson is concluded with a practical guide for the formation of new habits and breaking old ones.

II. *The Role of Habit in Everyday Life.* In order to appreciate what a large part of our daily lives is carried on by our habits, let us

review a single day's routine. Most of us arise at a fairly fixed time in the morning—some of us immediately upon awakening, others after "thinking it over" for some time. After morning prayer at the bed side, we attend to certain tasks in connection with our toilet and preparation for the day's work. While we do this we often think over our plans for the day, without having to remind ourselves of which shoe to put on first or which arm to put first through our coat. At breakfast, we eat customary food without much discrimination so long as the food is of customary quality. Many times if we are asked at noon what we ate for breakfast, we cannot say. If we consciously try to attend to many of the details of this routine, we are amazed at the consistency with which they have been going on without any conscious direction.

In our social lives, habit is equally prominent. We speak kindly or gruffly in the home in quite a consistent manner. We greet one person we pass on the street in one manner, another one quite differently. (Recall how embarrassed we feel when we accidentally mistake an approaching person and address him as though he were someone else.)

All of our church duties are made easier by forming habits as safeguards against backsliding. The momentum of the habit of attending meetings "carries us over" a listlessness or preoccupation with something else, which would otherwise often frustrate our good intentions. Indeed, faith itself is sustained to some extent by habit, because faith in order to live must issue in good deeds, and the habits involved in doing good deeds help to "carry faith through" periods of doubt and discouragement. The value of habit as the great flywheel of conduct, which carries to our goals in spite of interference, was expressed by William James under his second maxim for habit formation: "Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life. Each lapse is like the letting fall of a ball of string which one is carefully winding up; a single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind again. Continuity of training is the great means of making the nervous system act infallibly right." (James, 1890, Vol. I, p. 123.)

Life is too crowded to permit doing everything consciously; hence we economize conscious effort by forming habits. Habits well established free our minds to attend to adjustments that are unfamiliar. William James once said, "We must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and guard against growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague." (James, 1890, p. 122.)

Habits may, of course, be either an aid or an impediment to progress. Bad habits defeat good intentions toward reform and discourage persistent effort in the direction of a better way of doing things. Habits that are not generally considered bad also prevent progress, such as the habit of letting someone else do our thinking and deciding, the habit of holding childish beliefs and old wives' tales without reconstructing them in terms of adult intelligence and experience. Many adults have the habit of avoiding difficult situations and opportunities to take leadership, and thereby deny themselves the growth which comes only through grappling with problems and striving to reach a level of adjustment a little higher than their habitual past.

III. *Types of Habits.* For study

purposes, habits may be classified into the following groups (after Wheeler, 1929, pp. 70-72):

1. *Social habits* are customs, folkways, morals, and all of the individual items called social selves (or special attitudes and expressions we have toward one person as distinguished from those toward another). Customs and folkways are habitual ways of thinking and doing followed alike by all of a group of people and handed down from generation to generation some times. These are the forces that often keep people united and peaceable. Were it not for deep-rooted social habits, revolutions, invasions, religious reformations, and all manner of social upheaval would be much more common

2. *Intellectual Habits.* These habits include the scientific attitude of weighing evidence carefully before deciding, and suspending judgment when sufficient evidence is not at hand. A few desirable intellectual habits are: regular reading on current events, consistent use of the dictionary and encyclopedia to fill in recognized gaps in one's knowledge, avoidance of arguments through ability to see both sides of an issue, and habitual looking for things deserving appreciative appraisal, especially personal qualities in others. Superstitions, such as believing in the ill-fate of Friday the thirteenth and black cats crossing one's path, are examples of poor intellectual habits.

3. *Emotional Habits.* Grouchiness or cheerfulness, a sense of humor, suspicion, fault-finding, and self-consciousness would come under this heading. Most fears are emotional habits, often acquired in childhood. All of the attitudes involved in love and hate are habits of an emotional character. Many marriages are kept intact by sheer habit, as are other kinds of partnerships. Death would lose much of its sting if we did not form emotional habits toward one another.

4. *Nervous Habits.* A person may be afflicted with various little uncontrollable acts usually called nervous habits. Examples of these are twitches of the eyelids or facial muscles, grimacing, frequent clearing of the throat while talking, saying "er a" or "ahem" before making a statement, thumb-sucking in children, nose picking in public, and putting the hands to the face. Often these habits are not even known to their possessor and can easily be removed with a little conscious effort. Some, however, reflect nervous strain and are removed only by removing the mental conflict causing the strain.

5. *Physiological Habits.* These habits have as their basis bodily rhythm in the exchange of energy (chemical balance), and comprise such habits as drug addiction, use of tobacco and liquor, idiosyncracies for certain foods and objection to others, sleeping habits, and exercise. Physiological habits may be greatly modified by what one does. The rhythm of a rigid routine in handling an infant, regular hours of eating, sleeping, playing, and attending to elimination, is excellent training for the young body, and it illustrates how physiological habits are acquired.

6. *Motor Habits.* Motor habits are those involved in manual skills such as playing the violin, playing skillful baseball, and those ordinary activities such as walking, dressing, and finding our way about in the house and locating articles in common use.

IV. *Habits Grow Out of Incentives or Needs.* An essential condition for the formation of all of our habits is an incentive or a personal need for forming the habit. Often

the incentives are vague, in which case the habit will usually not be precisely formed. We cease in most cases to improve our habits as soon as we have reached a practical limit, or as soon as the need underlying the habit has been reasonably well satisfied.

A story is told of a group of factory workers in Germany who had been employed at a specified price for each unit of work. The workers exerted what was apparently their greatest effort in order to put out the greatest number of units to gain the highest wages. After a number of years, a study was made to determine the effects of certain added incentives such as praise, bonuses, and rest periods. Much to the surprise of workers and managers, the output increased markedly over what was though to be the "physiological limit" of the workers. They surprised even themselves by their hidden powers.

Experiments have shown that the average adult reads only about fifty or seventy-five per cent as efficiently as he is capable of reading. Short daily test periods in which the person is urged to read faster without sacrificing comprehension will increase the rate of reading as much as one hundred per cent in some cases after only a few weeks. The same general result has been shown for legibility of hand writing.

Most of our habits and skills, whether they be those pertaining to getting along with each other or skill in typewriting, are far from as well developed as they might be, and the reason is that there is not sufficient incentive to further develop them. But the young lady who sets her heart on winning a promising young man can wonderfully improve her personality by dressing more carefully, speaking more charmingly, and cultivating her knowledge of those subjects the young man considers important. The young man, to win the object of his love, may measureably increase his skill at his work in order to be in a better economical position for marriage, and his personality and character may improve to suit the requirements of the young lady.

Some of the incentives commonly leading to formation of the various kinds of habits are as follows: want of food, want of physical and mental comfort, want of a mate, want of approbation or approval of others, and want of a sense of power. For us, other important wants or desires are: to be serviceable, to attain spiritual progress and the rewards of reunion in the hereafter. We form habits of devotion to our church because we need the assurance of heavenly as well as earthly rewards. We build moral and religious habits because we want to progress in an eternal enterprise with God. The more deeply we feel these needs and the deeper our faith is, the more energetically we shape our habits according to the ideals of the Master.

Disorderly and weak habits in a person reflect weak incentives, a lack of strong desire to progress along the eternal path. Absence of orderly habits and their underlying incentives characterizes the person of weak will. Will power is largely made up of our habits of meeting new situations, and grows out of our habits of meeting new situations. It is based on our habits of command over self. We build will power by what we do, we weaken it by failure to do what we should do.

He who has a definite and compelling aim in life easily forms habits that contribute to that aim. Fortunately, as we build habits toward a goal, the task becomes easier because we are building up will power as we go along, whenever we are

successful in making any progress.

Woodworth has said that a motive "is an activity in progress." This means that it is easier to keep effort in some direction going than it is to get it started after it stops. Conduct acquires momentum just as a ball does. He who is zealously busy living the good life finds it easy to form a new habit or drop an old one, but he who is half-hearted and vague in his intentions finds the greatest difficulty in changing.

V. *How to Form a New Habit.* In the interests of simplicity and brevity, the following three steps are suggested. (For further study, see James' rules for habit formation, 1890, pp. 123-127.)

1. Get a clear conception of the goal of the habit you wish to form and the reasons you think it is important.

2. Analyze the results of your efforts to determine exactly what methods lead most directly to the goal. Identify false moves in order to eliminate them, and clearly define to yourself the right ones so that they will not be overlooked and dropped. This kind of analysis is especially important in forming social habits, habits where the reasons for success or failure are often difficult to detect.

3. Repeat the proper acts as often as possible once they have become clearly recognized. This means practice. The more vividly the goal is reached through right acts, the less repetition is necessary—i. e., the more intense the satisfaction of success, the less repetition is necessary.

VI. *How to Break an Old Habit.*

1. Revamp the incentives underlying the old habit in such a way that they will lead toward the new habit. For example, a delinquent boy admitted he stole and broke windows "just to show the kids he could do it." An appeal was made that he try to become the best worker in the shop class or top man on the basketball team "just to show them he could."

Sometimes the old incentives are all wrong and the person must undergo a complete change of heart. "A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things." (Matt. 12:35.) Many criminals who are forced to abide by the law for years in prison, persist in their old ways because they are not genuinely converted to a better life. Practice without conversion is of no avail.

2. Utilize as many parts of the old habit into the new one as possible. It is easier to remake an old habit than to suppress it. Whenever the habit is such that some parts can be utilized in the new habit, you have that much ground gained.

3. If the old habit cannot be conveniently remade, crowd it out by forming new habits that adequately substitute for the old. Under certain circumstances, a habit is best broken by not paying attention to it, but by preparing oneself to do something else when the old situation arises.

The surest way to break an old habit is to transform the old needs or desires so that we no longer want exactly the result the old habit brought. After this is done, we are still confronted with the difficulty of breaking with an old way of doing when it makes us feel odd, as when wearing a new pair of shoes. Pressure from other people tends to keep one in his old ways. Particularly true is this in the home when one of the members wishes to mend his ways. The conspicuousness of his acting any way except in his old habitual way often discourages the attempts at being more considerate

or helpful. When one has committed himself to a way of life, whether it pertains to small or great matters, he identifies his ego with his acts to the extent that to change involves too much of an admission of defects. Bad influences of a lad's friends make it impossible in many cases for him to execute good intentions. Many a criminal would reform if the "gang" would let him.

VII. *How Shall I Decide Which Habits to Acquire?*

1. Choose habits you are certain are important enough to warrant the effort and patience to "see it through." Attempts to form worthless habits which are so unserviceable that they are likely not to become a part of one's character, weakens one's will to form those habits that are important. Our vanity is sometimes flattered by acquiring some useless bit of skill when we might have acquired just as well a socially useful habit.

2. Make sure you are going to be able to acquire the habit before you start. If you feel you will not succeed, either strengthen the incentive some way or choose an easier habit. James talks about a "famous place that is proverbially paved with good intentions" and most of our New Year's resolutions come to naught because we have "formed the evil habit" of setting up goals we are unable to reach, usually for want of incentives.

3. Choose concrete habits such as promptness in attending church services, rather than abstract virtues such as "general goodness." Righteousness is made up of many specific good acts and habits, and the more concretely these are conceived, the more possibility is there of acquiring them.

Eternal progress means daily improving our habits and increasing our knowledge. It consists of specific habits which increase our ability to serve in God's great work of human betterment. Eternal progress thus becomes a daily task, and the rewards of improving one's habits come today through the joy of being useful, as well as in the reward of being useful in the hereafter.

We may learn to speak kindly of our neighbors, to respond promptly to calls to service, to follow each principle of the Church consistently, to spend a few minutes each day in improving our minds, to revamp many of our health habits as needed, and to adhere to a carefully planned routine in our home duties.

Problems for Discussion

1. Discuss the following quotation in the light of this lesson: "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death or of obedience unto righteousness."

2. Think of a few social habits, such as "cutting in" on another person while he is speaking, which reduces your efficiency in getting along with people. Study each one to see why you do it and what you can do to overcome it.

3. Illustrate the role of habit in our religious lives.

4. Show how incentives are related to habit formation.

5. Discuss the proposition that "practice makes perfect, provided the practice is correct." Give an example of how many years of experience does not always make one an expert. Why?

6. Select a habit you would earnestly like to acquire and write out a plan by which you propose to acquire the habit.

7. Pick out a skill such as reading and systematically practice for a few minutes daily, keep records of your progress, and attempt to improve as much as possible before the next meeting.

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Literature for Missions

TYPICAL WOMEN OF THE CHURCH

Introduction

IN the following lessons, each one dealing with a different personality, we give a brief outline of the life activities of seven outstanding women—outstanding in the sense that they are typical women of the Church—distinguished for their Christian virtue which they continually and consistently applied in solving the difficult and perplexing problems of their lives.

These lessons will prove interesting not because they deal with romance and titled or renowned ladies, nationally or internationally known, but with women in the ordinary walks of life who nobly met and successfully solved problems and difficulties similar at least to those that most women know more or less about.

But to know about difficulties is one thing; to know how to solve them is quite another thing. Hence we always get courage, strength and inspiration in learning how others in our walks of life, or similar ones, succeeded in solving their difficult and perplexing problems.

Herein lies the value of these lessons. Women who lived in or near our own times and on the same planes of life as we move indicate to us in no uncertain tones how we too may make our lives happy and successful. Thus they teach us the most precious lessons found in life.

Every successful life must be properly motivated. And the seven women, whose lives are herein sketched, were all successful. In what ways they were successful and in what ways motivated will be discovered by a careful study of these sketches.

Typical Women of the Church

LESSON 1

ANNA THERESE MEITH MAESER—A CHOICE SAXON SPIRIT

THE story of this lesson has its beginning in the old and famous city of Dresden, Germany. It was here that Anna Therese Meith was born May 4, 1830, more than one hundred years ago. Does blood tell? What influence do heredity and environment have on our lives? Does like beget like, even in the human family? Let us see.

Anna's father, Emmanuel Meith, was director of the Budich Institute, an outstanding Lutheran college in Neustadt, Dresden. His position indicates that he was a man of talents and ability. Her mother, Henrietta Meith, was also a woman of ability as a home maker, who came of a long line of well educated and talented people. Anna Meith, therefore, was reared in an environment of culture and refinement and associated with the elite of Germany. She was a diligent student, immaculate in person, witty and vivacious, as became her station.

Karl G. Maeser, a young professor, who had been taken from a high school position and made vice-director to Herr Meith, was fortunate in winning the esteem and love of the admirable Anna Meith. They were married June 11, 1854. The wedding was one of considerable importance. The Lutheran Church in Dresden was a bower of flowers. The dainty bride in her fluffy white lace was lovely, and the bridegroom in a pale blue satin waist-coat was distinguished.

For one year this couple continued in the agreeable life of college people. Then a change came. They heard and accepted the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and on October 19, 1855, Anna joined the Church, following a divine manifestation to Brother Maeser on October 14. The story of how her husband came to join the Church is charmingly told by his son, Reinhard Maeser, in a biography of Karl G. Maeser, published by the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, in 1928. The miracle here referred to occurred when, after his baptism, Karl was walking home with President Franklin D. Richards of the European Mission and Elder William Budge. President Richards could speak no German and Karl no English. So Elder Budge was acting as interpreter as they walked along. "Suddenly I stopped Elder Budge from interpreting the President's remarks to me as I understood them perfectly. I replied to him in German and again the interpretation was not necessary, as I was also understood by the President. Thus we kept on conversing until we arrived at the point of separation, when the manifestation as suddenly ceased as it had come," so Karl later wrote. This he testified was in answer to prayer, a proof that God was pleased with what he had done.

Anna Maeser's adjustments to life began when she was baptized at midnight in the river Elba. Following this ordinance, secrecy attended every movement until she with her husband, small son and other relatives left for America, via London. Arriving in London, the Church authorities prevailed upon Brother Maeser to remain in England for a few months and do missionary work among the Germans living there. The

others of the party continued their journey to America.

Both Anna and Karl appreciated this opportunity for service but found loneliness in the separation from their intimate associates in Germany. This little family of four —Anna, Karl, a small son, and Anna's sister Camilla (then twelve years old), endured many humiliations in a strange land where they did not even know the language. The proud professor was often expected to perform menial tasks such as blackening his shoes and carrying his hand bags, which in his former position he would never have thought of doing. Anna resented her husband doing these humiliating things, but her loyalty to him and his fealty to the Priesthood soon made tasks, which had once seemed so mortifying, become of no consequence to either of them.

After spending one year in England, they sailed for America. It was a happy anticipation for Anna. She would join her sister in Zion. There were now two children, one born in England.

The seven weeks' journey on the water was wearisome and full of anxiety, for the little babe was taken violently ill. In spite of all their faith and constant nursing, he died the day they landed, July 4, 1854. This was their first sacrifice in the new world.

Because their money was gone they halted on their way to Salt Lake City in Philadelphia where they made their first American home, occupying an upstairs room in a tenement house. But an industrial depression was on so employment was scarce. Again the Maesers had their faith keenly tested, for Karl was called on a mission to the South. Bewilderment almost overcame them, but the testimony of the Gospel surged through Karl with the spirit, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord." He thought of his lonely wife—a bereaved mother with a small son and a child sister to care for in a strange land. He realized their poverty, but he trusted in God, and God did not forsake them.

Karl soon moved his family to Virginia, where, aside from his missionary work, he found part-time employment as a tutor in many prominent families, among which was that of John Tyler, ex-President of the United States.

Karl's regular income and Anna's frugality in time made it possible to gather means for the journey to Salt Lake City. So after three years of planning and scheming they returned to Philadelphia. From there they began their journey to Utah in June, 1860.

One's imagination can make many interesting pictures of the Maesers on the plains,—Karl driving an ox-team, Anna serving dinner by a campfire, dainty little Camilla shrugging her shoulders in disgust when they told her to pick up buffalo chips (droppings of the buffalo, a species of wild ox, plentiful in those days on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains).

They arrived in Salt Lake City September 1, 1860. For a time they lived with the Schoenfeldt's where they used a covered wagon box as a bedroom. The little family again faced extreme poverty. The two little children, one born in Philadelphia, hungrily cried themselves to sleep night after night.

However, Karl's determination and Anna's practical ambition soon cleared the way for a home. A house was being built, one room partly finished, when another sacrifice was laid upon the altar of their faith. Karl was called on a mission to Germany and Switzerland in May, 1867. It was a great honor for Karl, but

at what a price to the little woman who must stay behind. At the time Karl was without means, save for fifty cents, which he gave to his wife. This she carefully wrapped in court-plaster and put away. Then she courageously faced the task of providing for her family. For a livelihood she took in sewing, and oftentimes she went out scrubbing and cleaning. Work to her was not irksome, but to her proud spirit the humiliation of being a servant was very trying. Then too, she would compare her children's lack of opportunity with her own beautiful childhood. In her lonely hours she would dream of Germany—the gardens, the operas and her own girlhood home. How she longed to see them again!

In July, 1870, Karl returned. All the hardships were forgotten in the joy of reuniting. Many days before, the home-coming preparations had been going on. The house had been finished. Carpets were on the floors, curtains at the windows and a real dinner prepared. Anna met Karl at the train and laughingly presented to him the same fifty cents he had given her three years before.

After Karl's return life became brighter. Many kind friends came into their home. Karl was a social leader; ward and house parties were incomplete without the Maesers.

Karl now taught school for several years in the Twentieth Ward, Salt Lake City. Due to his strong and winning personality, his excellent character, his skill as a teacher, etc., his school grew more and more in size and favor. So when President Young felt that a system of Church schools should be begun he called Karl G. Maeser and said, "Brother Maeser, I have another mission for you."

This announcement nearly took Karl's breath away. He had already thrice answered the call for foreign missionary service. But the President continued, "We have been considering the establishment of a Church school and are looking around for a man to take charge of it. You are the man. We want you to go to Provo (45 miles south of Salt Lake City) to organize and conduct an Academy as a Church school. And remember," the President continued, "you ought not to teach even the alphabet or the multiplication tables without the Spirit of God."

This was in the spring of 1876. And on April 24 Karl began teaching in Provo. The school he founded was named the Brigham Young Academy, changed about twenty-five years later to the Brigham Young University. This school was the "mother" of many other academies and has always been the leading L. D. S. Church school.

Karl G. Maeser's Church-wide fame began with the opening of the Brigham Young Academy. The training and experiences of himself and wife Anna in Saxony, and all that they had gained since joining the Church until now, made them the very people needed to found the new school. Brother Maeser was soon recognized as the leading educator in the Church, a position he maintained until his death, February 15, 1901.

On moving to Provo in 1876 Anna Maeser devoted herself as a good housewife assiduously to making a new home for her family. Reared in a refined and cultured Saxon home, she had between that time and going to Provo passed through depths of poverty, trials and tribulations, but had never faltered in her loyalty either to her husband or Church. Her faith in God never wavered nor did her testimony of the divinity of the Church ever be-

come weak. Nor did she ever lose the spirit of generosity and hospitality. While her love of home and family were always paramount in her mind, she did not confine that interest to her own immediate family, but to all who might come beneath her roof, whether they be relatives, friends or beggars.

And so the last twenty years of her life were peacefully and happily spent as she continued her work in making a pleasant home, in rearing her children and in supporting her noble husband in his many and varied public duties. She was the mother of eight children, and those who grew up were all devoted to the Church.

Sister Maeser passed away April 2, 1896, in Salt Lake City, while visiting her sister, Camilla Cobb. It was on Thursday, fast day, when the news reached Provo. A close friend and neighbor who was at the fast meeting said, "I never knew Sister Maeser until today. She was so unassuming, but the testimonies borne of her goodness and kindness and her charitable acts reveal a nature not often found."

TO MY MOTHER

The memory of my mother does not serve
In any public place.
'Tis always near the fireside
I see her well-loved face.
'Tis time has made the daguerreotype
More beautiful by far
Than any painted picture
Of any living star.
Through Life's understanding
In the school of sorrow taught
I read the glorious mission
Her loyal heart has wrought
In the lives of all who knew her
And came within her care,
And it seems to me in heaven
There are angels, none more fair.

Items for Consideration

1. Describe the manners and social customs in Saxony among high-grade school teachers during the childhood days of Anna Meith.

2. How do you explain that she could break away from her refined, cultured home in Saxony to associate herself with a people who were yet in the very crude stages of pioneer life, whose modes of living were as different from hers as darkness from light?

3. Remembering that this change was also one from comfort to extreme poverty, what qualities do you think Anna Maeser had?

4. Why do you think most women in the Church have these qualities even though most of them may not be so severely tried?

5. What do you think were the most trying experiences in Anna Maeser's life?

6. Of what benefit were her trials to her?

7. Why do you think Anna Maeser was a noble woman?

8. Why do you think her life was successful?

9. What lessons may we learn from her life?

"If the world is to be saved it must be saved by the passionate idealism of youth. It cannot be saved, however, if it is depleted physically, mentally and morally by drink."—*Clifford W. Towlson.*

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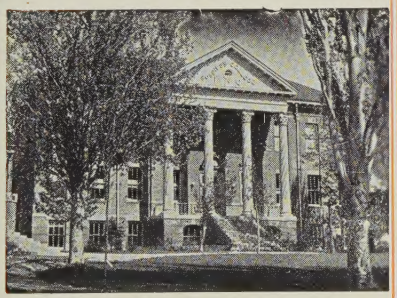

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